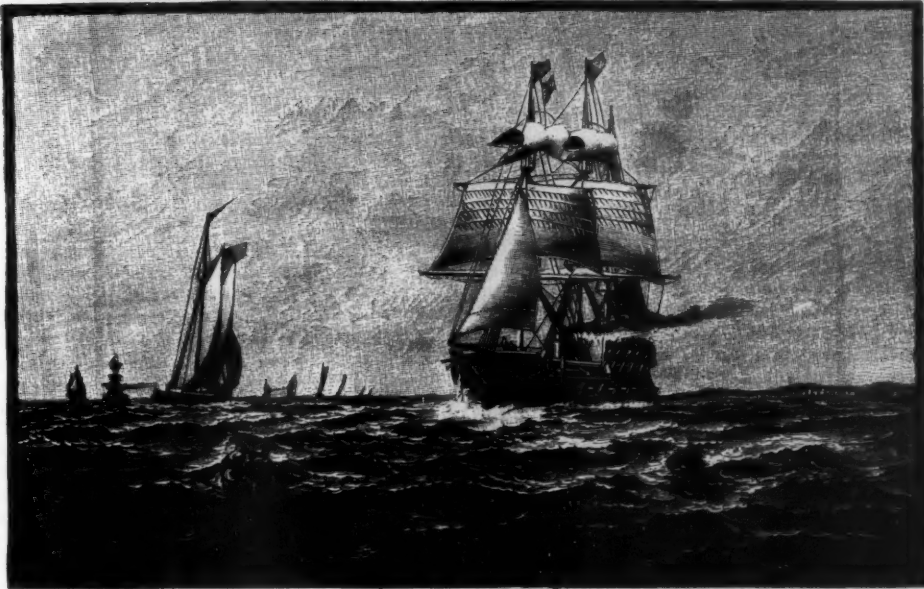


OVR CONTINENT

Vol. II. No. 9.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 6, 1882.

Whole No. 30.



THE NEW IRONSIDES.

THE CLYDE OF AMERICA.

A BROAD, generous river, on whose banks stands a city, surpassed in riches and population by but one other of the Western Continent, with a bay on whose bright waters the combined navies of the world might ride at ease, need not fear comparison as to its shipping interests and shipbuilding with a narrow, tortuous stream like the Scotch Clyde, navigable at best only a few miles and leading up to a city of merely third or fourth-rate importance in a kingdom, whose area might be compassed within one or two States of the Union. Such, however, is not the case. Nature has indeed favored the noble Delaware of America, but the enterprise and support of a government, always keenly alive to the best interests of its subjects, have made the Clyde of Scotland a highway of never-ending industry, have made it, with its narrow, muddy waters, a constantly fruitful source of wealth and beauty through its marvelous activity in shipbuilding. This same unflinching support and enterprise have constituted England today, in peace or war, the greatest maritime power known among the nations.

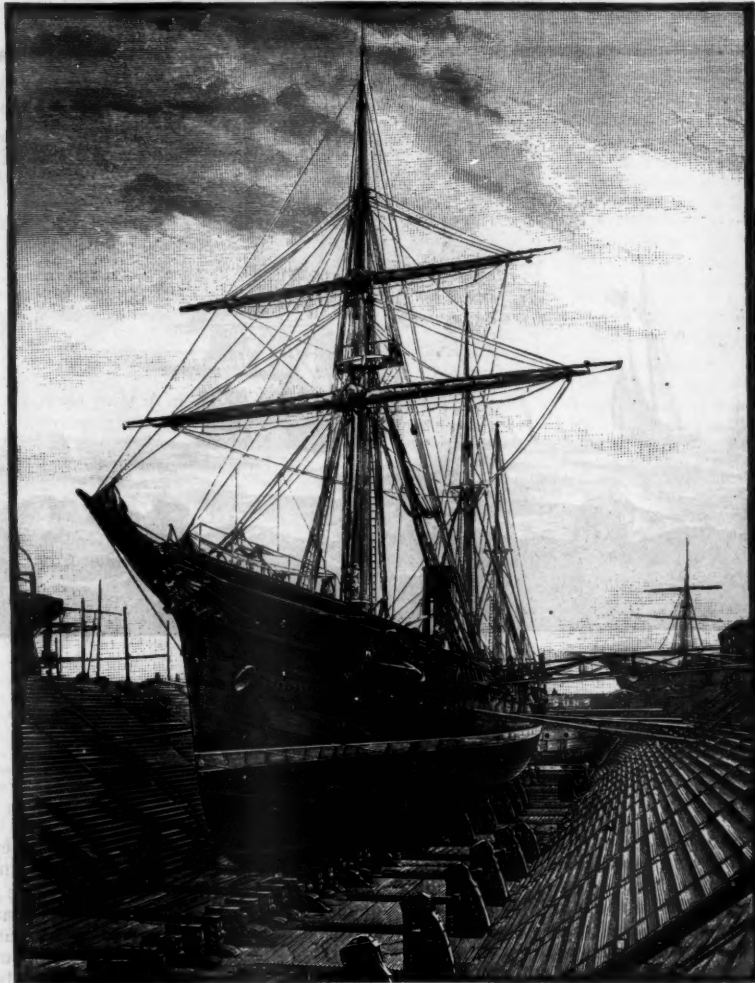
Withal, the Delaware, for what has been done and for what is being done on its banks, may, in a sense, compare favorably with the Clyde. Since excellence in quality is often said to exceed mere quantity of work, so the American river may be said to surpass the busy stream of "bonnie Scotland." Shipbuilding on the Clyde, it must be remembered, is and always has been under the fostering care of the government. On the Delaware it has lived, not only in spite of the indifference, but in spite of the open opposition of a hundred powerful agencies aimed to hinder its growth. It has lived, not only without aid from, but despite the positive interference of, men and even lawmakers, whose duty bound them to protect and encourage one of the greatest sources of wealth in the development of a young but already powerful and rich nation.

When the government, of which we are so proud, shall follow the English, the French, the German and the Italian system in dealing generously with those who build and those who "go down to the sea in ships,"

helping them largely as do these Powers by just compensation and by remitting oppressive taxation, then a new impetus will be given to shipbuilding; then American canvas, under the "Stars and Stripes," will swell to the breeze on every sea; then the Clyde and the Delaware will be rivals indeed; then the Delaware will outstrip the Clyde, not only in quality, as is claimed to-day, but also in quantity.

defensive armor, proclaim the patriotism, and, at the same time, the efficiency of the firm that stands by the government in the hour of trial. In times of peace, "war's din over," the luxurious yacht, built for leisure and summer sailing, for the rich man's comfort, shows the handiwork of the company and its capacity to suit the most fastidious taste.

The shipbuilding establishment known under the firm



THE ZABIACA—BUILT FOR THE RUSSIAN ADMIRALTY.

As an illustration of what has been done and what is doing on the Delaware, we select a firm whose name is known far and wide. Its work speaks for itself, and no words of flattery or commendation are needed to record the history of its achievements. The waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific have been plowed by the staunch, well-trimmed vessels turned out from its yards. The rivers and bays of the country have opened up before the swift, dainty craft, finished so artistically within and without as to be deservedly styled floating palaces. In time of war, iron hulls, with formidable breastplates of

name of "William Cramp and Sons' Ship and Engine Building Company," was founded in 1830 by William Cramp, who died a few years ago, full of years and full of honors. He was a man whose word was as good as his bond. Highly respected in the community in which he lived, he likewise merited the esteem of the government and that of foreign powers whose contracts for work he faithfully executed. The firm to-day has an inheritance of wealth as rich perhaps in their father's honored name and example as in the property and business he bequeathed them. The shipbuilding estab-

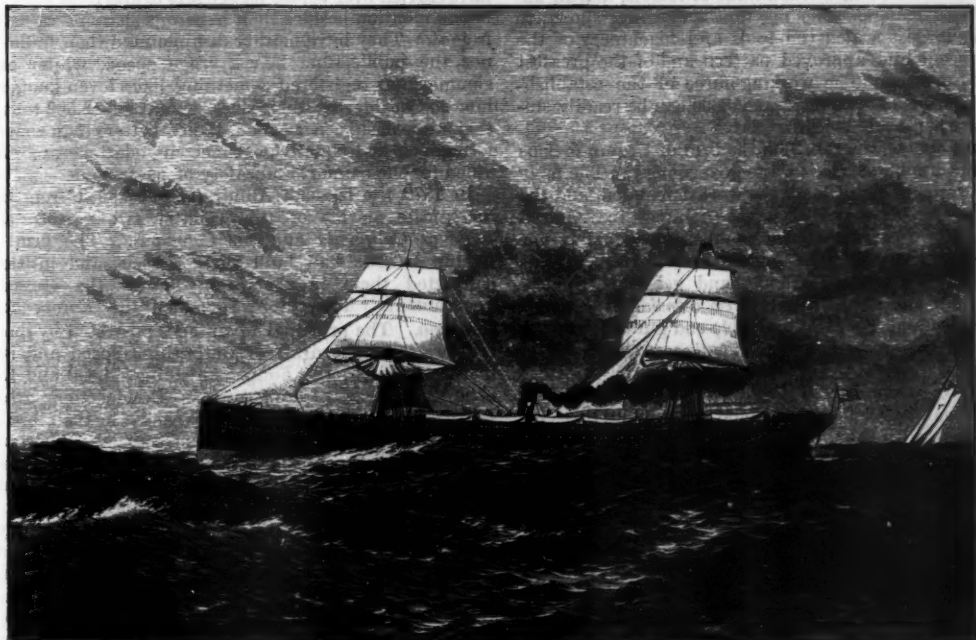


ERIE BASIN, NEW YORK HARBOR.

lishments of the firm are certainly among the most complete of their kind in America.

Independent of what they own and manage at home, the largest dry dock in the world—the Erie Basin at South Brooklyn, New York harbor—has lately come under the immediate and personal control of Cramp & Sons. In Philadelphia, two large yards, affording the most extensive facilities for shipbuilding, one at the foot of Palmer and the other at the foot of Norris Street, on the Delaware River, comprise their main works. At the first-named locality is to be found one of the largest basin docks in the United States. Science and human

patience have left nothing undone to make this as complete as possible for the repairing, reconstruction or remodeling of whatever floats upon water bearing the name of craft and comes seeking refreshment and rest within the basin's embrace. The extreme length of this basin is 462 feet, thereby accommodating a vessel 450 feet long on a draft of 20 feet on 3 feet blocks. It has a width of 111 feet and requires 4200 piles. The keel blocking is of wedged blocks arranged to haul under and fit a damaged or hogged keel. The basin has four centrifugal pumps each capable of lifting 30,000 gallons of water per minute, or an aggregate pumping capacity



STEAMSHIP PENNSYLVANIA, OF THE AMERICAN LINE.



WILLIAM CRAMP.

per minute of 120,000 gallons. By these pumps it can be emptied of water in forty-five minutes. To build this basin and secure the land, cost half a million dollars. The Norris Street establishment has a frontage on the Delaware of 750 feet, extending back to Beach Street 700 feet. Here all new work is done, such as the building of iron and wooden hulls of vessels, marine engines and boilers. The machine and boiler shops are on the largest scale; the tools and machinery of the most recent and approved pattern and of the greatest possible power. The working force of the establishment consists of 2000 men, and 3000 can be readily employed when trade is brisk.

In the war of the rebellion the firm of Cramp & Sons performed noble service for the government. The navy yards were unable to do all the work demanded, and the facilities for the kind of naval architecture required during the great emergency could not be quickly nor efficiently secured. The government turned to this firm. It found them reliable and generous friends. They built the steam frigate *New Ironsides*, the monitors *Yazoo* and *Tunxis*, the double-end gunboat *Wyalusing*, and the screw steamship *Chattanooga*, this last of 3500 tons.

In 1870, a number of Philadelphia merchants, believing that a steamship line could be built in this city to compete with the foreign lines plying between New York and Europe, intrusted the enterprise to the firm of William Cramp & Sons. The business men of the second city in the Union and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which became a large stockholder in the concern, were in no wise disappointed in their selection of a home firm. When the contract was made and signed, the price of American iron, in consequence of heavy importations, was low. Before the ships were built it went up thirty per cent.; but the firm of Cramp & Sons had a motto, "Fidelity, Time, Honor," and when the day came that the ships were to be delivered they were

ready and available for service. These vessels, the only ones flying the American flag between Europe and America, are the *Pennsylvania*, the *Ohio*, the *Indiana* and the *Illinois*. The four were built on the Delaware, of American materials, by American mechanics. They have never disappointed their owners, for whom they have carried over 90,000 passengers to and from Europe, not to mention besides their generous share of valuable freight. They have neither disappointed their builders nor the public, for their average speed, winter and summer, has registered something like eleven knots an hour. Considering their size—a total of 12,500 tons—their time has been as good, if not better, than that of foreigners, and equally good accommodations are provided for the comfort and safety of passengers.

In 1879 the Russian Admiralty purchased from the mercantile marine of this country two vessels, the *State of California* and the *Columbus*. The firm of Cramp & Sons had built these vessels, and in turn converted them into ships-of-war for the Russian government. They were re-named the *Europe* and the *Asia*. The principal advantages possessed by these cruisers are light draft of water, high speed and immense sail area, the *Europe* spreading 13,390 and the *Asia* 12,902 square feet of canvas. Besides their great sail area, these vessels have a capacity in their bunkers for thirty days' consumption of coal, an important consideration, when it is stated that the fast vessels of the English *Comus* type of cruisers, twelve in number, can each carry only a six days' allowance of fuel, and that consumed, must return to port for a fresh supply. In an ocean chase the superiority of the Russian-American-built vessel over the *Comus* or any of her sister ships requires no explanation: Equal in speed and size to the Englishman, the Russian has another advantage, and would outstrip him, since, with his easy basis of "black diamonds" still untouched, he has provision left for twenty-four days' steaming, whilst the

Englishman, with fuel gone, is making port under canvas as best he can.

In addition to equipping the *Europe* and the *Asia*, Messrs. Cramp & Sons constructed for the Russian Government the famous *Zabiaca*. The hulls of these three vessels and that of the *Africa*, another fast cruiser reconstructed by the firm, are divided into compartments by eleven water-tight bulkheads. They are supplied with vertical engines of the compound type, operating

powers of endurance amply justified what was expected of her. She maintained her dignity, and lives to-day to speed her fifteen and a-half knots an hour, a protection to Russia and the pride of the American's industry and skill.

William Cramp & Sons have built, or have in process of construction, 234 vessels of various classes, registering a total of 150,000 tons. Wooden, iron, freight, clipper, steam and sail yachts, iron screw steam colliers,



THE EUROPE.

a single screw propeller. They steer by steam power, as well as by hand, and have all the improvements known to the best builders. In the English Channel, and before she entered Russian waters, the *Zabiaca* was run into by an English vessel. Whether it was accidental or to test the American-Russian's stability and strength the chronicles do not relate, but her

ships of every description have been turned out from their yards. They have built honestly, faithfully, enduringly, for home and foreign service. Their motto is "Fidelity, Time, Honor," American ships, American materials in American markets, with American mechanics against the world.

SHERIDAN HOOD.

NEVADA CELESTIALS.

WITHOUT attempting to explain it, I marvel exceedingly at the difference in the manners and ways of the Chinese met with here in the Eastern States and those on the Pacific slope. There they are gentle, bland and amiable; but here, if "chafed" by a party of juveniles, they growl back, and actually shut their wash-house doors if a few harmless projectiles are sent flying over their ironing tables or into their rice platters.

A California Celestial—a pioneer I mean—one who knows his ground and has passed through the acclimating process of having his clothes-basket knocked off his head, himself half buried in the sand, beaten over the skull or dragged about by the pig-tail—such a one, who, quietly recovering from and seemingly ignoring these evidences of superior civilization, has risen into custom

and popularity as a washman, is really a most agreeable person to know, and I am proud of the acquaintance of more than one delightful heathen of this class, chief among whom, in my esteem, stands Sam Lee.

Sam owned an establishment—a large one—kept more than a dozen tubs and irons going daily, and rather superintended than stooped to rub and press himself. He always collected clothes and money, however, and attended personally to the "carrying home."

It was while discharging the latter duty that I fell under his notice; he had entered our room without any preparatory ceremony, and proceeded at once to the bed to lay out "the pieces," discreetly unconscious of my presence till I was introduced, when he politely turned his benign regards in my direction. He was taller and so much better looking than the general run of



SAM LEE.

his race as to be almost handsome, and his dress was so scrupulously nice as to deserve commendation in itself.

Sam's reception of me was not enthusiastic, and yet it did not lack a certain delicate patronage, touching to me as a stranger.

"You come all way from New York?" he inquired, with an engaging smile.

New York is the United States to the Chinaman of the Pacific. On receiving my reply he proceeded in friendly converse:

"You likee Calson? No welly nice place, Calson. Me gottee house here, and me gottee house Vilgilia City. Vilgilia City pooty good place; no too muchee good; all samee San Flisco. By'm-by me go there; and then by'm-by me go Canton." This in the rising inflection of anticipated delight.

"When you grow rich, I suppose you mean, Sam?"

"Yes," with a wide smile and a prolonged nod, "when me gettee lich."

"Your brother-in-law died in Virginia City last week, did he not?" my husband asked.

Sam nodded solemnly, and intimated that his connection's untimely end had caused him some trouble.

"Yes, I heard that he died suddenly," continued my

husband. "I was up there at the time, and saw his five widows, dressed in white, attending his funeral."

Sam turned to me with a deprecating air.

"Chinaman welly bad," he confessed; "he gettee muchee money, then he wantee too muchee wife. No good, like Mellikan man."

The excessively virtuous air with which he rolled up his oblique eyes at this admission passes description. He then briefly stated that the defunct, Wang Ho by name, had been, like himself, the proprietor of two establishments, though their business differed, Wang being a gambler by profession. He had found it expedient to divide his harem for the sake of harmony, and he did so, arranging to keep his two younger wives in Virginia City at his least important saloon. While on a visit there he had been seized with his last illness, and although, as Sam assured us, the sick demon was exorcised by horns, drums, pipes and cymbals (the disease was brain fever), the patient never rallied, but grew worse from the first, until he died just as they were shaking his bed violently to drive out the fever-fiend. Sam's sister was the senior wife, and a person of business habits; her husband had been dead some hours, when a messenger reached Carson and informed her of the event. She flew to the scene of mourning by the next train, and in company with her fellow-wives,

rushed to the bedside of their mutual husband.

"Ah!" said Sam, sadly, "she too muchee welly solly; Wang gottee muchee money lend to Mellikan mans, and China mans and Chi Si (the senior widow) no know him name. She cly all same Mellikan cat; then she lickee Vilgilia wife and makee she cly, too, 'cause she no tellee her Wang sick, so she gettee all money back. Ah! Chi Si too muchee welly solly."

This distressed relict having relieved her feelings by thrashing her fellow-wives for their neglect of duty, immediately administered on the estate and took possession of her late husband's property by law or custom, whichever prevails among these people, and conducted his funeral with great ceremony, stifling her one regret, namely, that she did not arrive in time to receive from her husband's lips the names of his debtors.

In Wang's case the obsequies were elaborate; he was a man of substance, and that fact could scarcely weigh with us more than it does with the artless heathen. According to Sam's description, the body, dressed in holiday garb, was placed in a handsome American casket for interment in that portion of the Virginia Cemetery reserved for Chinese use. The bones of every Chinaman dying away from the Flowery Kingdom must be returned, according to law, by the Coolie Company which

brings him out, and thus is his eternal happiness secured; but that his present peace be not imperiled, other rites are necessary. Good, strong shoes are put upon the feet of the departed, also a knife in his right hand and a silver coin in his left. A small square of scarlet cloth laid over the foot of the coffin prevents the approach of the smaller fry of harassing demons, and paper prayers of delicate texture are profusely burned during the movement of the coffin toward the hearse. In Wang's case a magnificent one, richly plumed and silver-mounted, was selected; but his five wives rode immediately after in an open express wagon, howling very like cats, as Sam had said.

The "debblo" or evil spirit, most to be feared, is very easily beguiled by money, and the possessions of the deceased may be represented by a paper currency specially prepared for the delusion and betrayal of this foul fiend at the obsequies.

The moment the train starts the nearest friends of the dead begin scattering this light medium through the air, whereupon the avaricious devil flies hither and thither in frenzied pursuit of the paper money, and the fortunate corpse gains safe sepulture in the interim. A live chicken is slain on the mound, rice is mingled with its blood, and various dishes of food are added for the sustenance of the departed till he shall reach the rest land. All these things were properly attended to in Wang's case, and Sam assured us that, with his brotherly aid, Chi Si, being an accomplished financier as well as gambler, had not only gathered in her husband's money, but continued his honorable calling, keeping her four junior women in capital order as assistants. The eldest of them was twenty-two, the youngest sixteen. Chinese women mature early.

A widow's mourning is very unattractive, and only worn by the Coolies on the funeral day. It consists of a gown and drawers, in exact imitation of the everyday costume, worn over the others and tied at the sides in a loose and baggy fashion. The hair (on all other occasions worn in elaborate puffs over bamboo frames and bandolined with paf-faf, a glutinous cosmetic), floats loose, and a white conical cap crowns the head and completes the really hideous outfit. The widows take an active part in the ceremonies; they chant a most frightfully discordant threnody, and, lying with their foreheads on the ground, yell in unison until their voices are lost in the effort.

Sam was very frank and ready in describing or explaining anything connected with their ceremonies; but that bland, deprecating air, that half-apologetic shrug, always accompanied his expositions, and the slyly-insinuated compliments to "Mellikan" superiority were all made to order, as it were. In his heart, if he chanced to have such an organ in his curious combination, he was a Chinaman of Chinamen.

I enjoyed his society, and he did much toward rendering my Carson experience agreeable; but, just at its close, I feared we had taken issue and that a conflict was at hand. My alarm merely proved that I did not yet quite know Sam Lee.

He came in one evening in rather a hasty way for him, and opened conversation by the somewhat abrupt but still quite sweetly-spoken demand:

"Me want lady night-gown; you gotee him in lare," pointing unequivocally and directly at my second bureau drawer.

I rose in surprise, not to say indignation, and asked him what he meant by such a remark. To which he responded in precisely the same key and words, meanwhile drawing near and pointing right at the receptacle

of my supposed theft, nodding his head with mandarin gravity, yet softly smiling that bland, persuasive smile of his.

Now, had a gentleman of color or a lady from Erin made the same statement, I really do not know what I should have done. As it was, I mechanically obeyed Sam by opening the drawer for his searching inspection. He never touched an article, but those slits of eyes of his seemed to separate every fold in every garment, and after a moment's pause he said concisely:

"Oller one."

Of course I showed him the other one, and after that the others. Perhaps I made a faint protest, a weak assertion of opposition; but the stolid smoothness, the calm, urbane obstinacy of his cream-colored countenance, only rendered absurd any attempt at dignity on my part.

As he closed the last drawer, he beamed sweetly on me with the observation:

"You no gotee lare," meaning the bureau. "You gotee in tlunk."

As he moved upon the trunk with the same mild resolution with which he had gone through the bureau, I mustered courage to correct this presuming celestial, but he broke in softly on my first sentence of severity with the plaintively-uttered plea:

"Lady want to catchee she night-gown; she go New York to-morrow. You gotee in you tlunk, and she wantee too muchee."

There is no resisting the blandness of a Chinaman, his soft, persuasive tones, his tender obduracy and mildly dogged purpose. I found myself become dimly conscious of appropriating an unknown female's nocturnal habiliement, of desiring to bury it from suspicious eyes in the recesses of my canvas-colored trunk, and being caught in the act!

"Lady wantee," murmured Sam sidling nearer and nearer; "lady like catchee—she go New York!"

I flung up the lid; down dropped the Chinaman on his noiseless knees. With tranquilly-penetrating sweetness he went to the very bottom of that receptacle, then with an easy jerk resuming an upright position, he remarked in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable:

"Ah, you no gotee. Mrs. Fat-lady catchee."

The search-warrant process was to Sam a perfectly natural and perhaps weekly occurrence. A certain lady patron missing and demanding the restoration of a certain garment necessitates the scene described. It would never enter the head of a John to *inquire* after a missing article; no, indeed, his process was to accuse you of its possession, and then aid you by means of search to establish your innocence, or secure the lost property.

Sam's mention of "Mrs. Fat-lady," as his last resource, held no disrespectful allusion to that lady's proportions. The Chinese—themselves notably spare—greatly admire plump figures, and the least inclination towards amplitude gains a patroness the title of "Mrs. Fat-lady." All American names are difficult; the *r's* are unconquerable to them, so they gladly seize any chance peculiarity of designation, and no offense is meant.

No, indeed; it would be impossible for one of them to be intentionally rude or impertinent; the mild, shy, plausible, meek, propitiatory creature doesn't understand the word; but, like Sam, he will have his way, and nothing less formidable than a miner's boot will move a Nevada washman from his purpose, when a stray Mellikan garment is to be looked up.

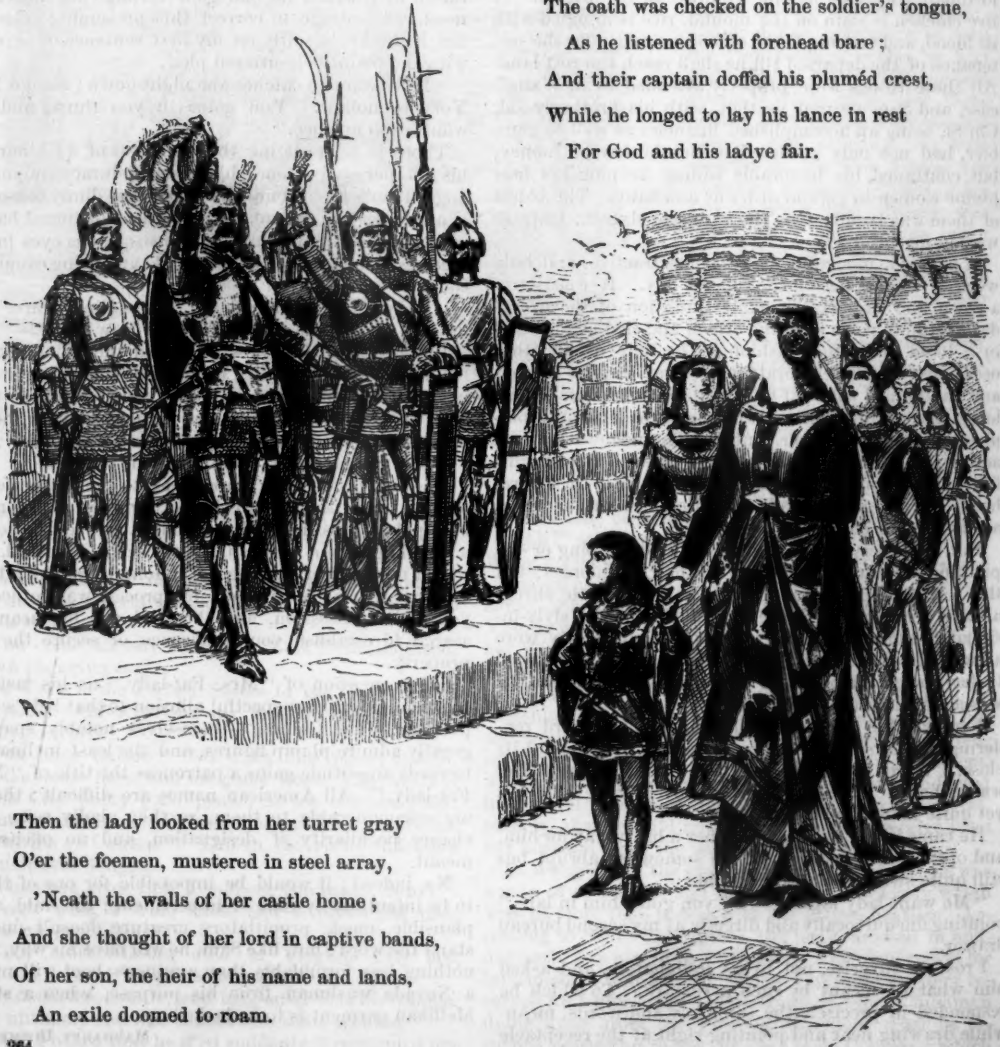
MARGARET HOSMER.

THE RELIEF OF HENNEBON.

"RIDE fast and far, my courier brave,
Till the dew thy courser's fetlocks lave
In the land of the setting sun,
And say to England's Edward bold,
"The wife and son of his comrade old
Lie leaguered in Hennebon."

And her heart swelled high with love and pride,
As forth with her noble boy by her side
She passed to the castle wall ;
In her train, her maidens fair and bright,
In silks and jewels richly dight,
Followed in silence all.

The archer stood with bow unstrung,
The oath was checked on the soldier's tongue,
As he listened with forehead bare ;
And their captain doffed his plumed crest,
While he longed to lay his lance in rest
For God and his ladye fair.



Then the lady looked from her turret gray
O'er the foemen, mustered in steel array,
'Neath the walls of her castle home ;
And she thought of her lord in captive bands,
Of her son, the heir of his name and lands,
An exile doomed to roam.

"Brave men and true—my brothers all!"

Her voice rang out like a trumpet call,

As each soldier grasped his brand.

"The foe besets us sore without ;

Tho' we've beat them in many a bloody bout,

Yet we now beleaguered stand.

And the watchful foemen marshaled without

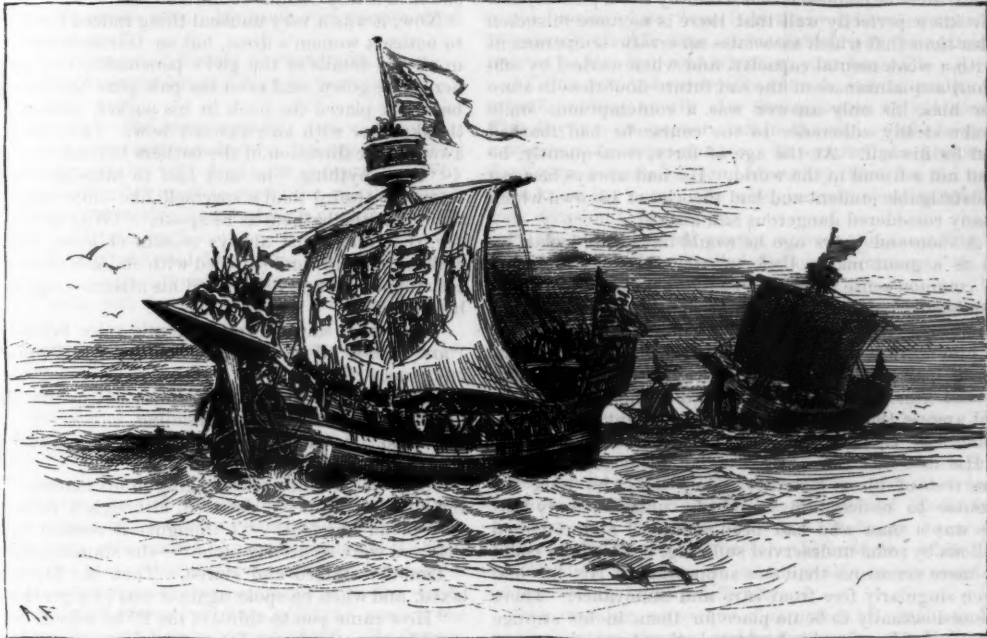
Wondered to hear the joyous shout,

The loud, triumphant cry ;

And their brows grow dark as they mark the band

Of maidens that close by the rampart stand

Laughing in mockery.



"I know that famine makes brave men shrink

Who would stand undaunted on danger's brink,

But I pray you hear my word :

When women and babes its pangs can bear,

Shall steel-clad men refuse to share

Alike with their sovereign lord ?"

Then the princely boy spake bold and high,

With the fire of his race in his clear blue eye,

Tho' his childish face was wan :

I will live or die on a single crust

Ere the home of my fathers be laid in dust

By the foes of Hennebon."

Brave heart of soldier, of dame and child,

Rejoice! for over the ocean wild

Brave Edward's sail is seen ;

And the foe are scattered far and wide,

Like mimic boats before the tide

That sweeps the white beach clean.

There's wassail and joy in those grand old halls,

And many a banner drapes their walls

From the flying foemen won ;

And there, with music and mirth and light,

The English King dubs lord and knight

The heir of Hennebon.

MRS. H. G. ROWE.

A CANDIDATE FOR BEDLAM.

TIMOTHY WHITHOUSE was a phenomenon. Everything about him, from his character to his clothes, was considered peculiar. He was quite aware of the opinion entertained of him by the world, but it did not impress him disagreeably. "What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?" he would exclaim with scorn. And, indeed, why should he trouble himself as to what others thought of him—he who considered himself as much above humanity as the stars are distant from the earth? The truth must be confessed that Timothy was a philosopher. He knew perfectly well that there is no more mistaken idea than that which associates an erratic temperament with a weak mental capacity, and when warned by officious acquaintances of the sad future doubtless in store for him, his only answer was a contemptuous smile and a steady adherence to the course he had marked out for himself. At the age of forty, consequently, he had not a friend in the world. He had always been an indefatigable student and had theories of his own which many considered dangerous and absurd.

A thousand years ago he would have been looked up to as a great man. Unfortunately, he lived in an age of common sense and matter-of-fact shrewdness, which persisted in dealing with him as though he were a lunatic. Perhaps it had some reason for so doing. Look at him now, as he stands upon Manhattan Beach in front of the mammoth hotel. It is a bright summer morning. About him is a busy, eager crowd of men and women, but among them all he stands apart silent, thoughtful, unnoticed, though not by any means unobservant.

His face was eminently peculiar, in accordance with the rest of his personality. Any one who took the trouble to notice him would say unhesitatingly that he was a man who had been saddened and rendered callous by some undeserved suffering, but nothing could be more erroneous than this supposition. His life had been singularly free from care and annoyance. There seemed actually to be no place for them in his strange existence. Leaving his books only that he might go out into the open air and speculate upon the persistence of Force or the incomprehensibility of a First Cause, it was no wonder that he was exempt from trouble.

In every one's life some uncommon and, perhaps, unwished-for incident is sure to happen when we least expect it, or when we flatter ourselves that we have placed an impassable barrier between it and us. Such an incident was about to occur to Timothy Whithouse, but fortunately for him he did not know it.

As he stood on the beach that morning he certainly was a curious figure. In all probability he had been struck by some novel thought just as he got out of bed, and consequently had appeared in public clad in a long dressing-gown of faded green, bordered with a deep band of fur. As he left the hotel and walked past the beds of brilliant flowers toward the beach, it was not surprising that several new comers, unfamiliar with his appearance, looked at him with vague astonishment.

Timothy looked at all that went on around him and sighed. Perhaps a reminiscence of his childhood, more vivid by comparison, occurred to him. Soon, however, he gave his individual attention to his book and began to read, as was often his custom, standing facing the sea. He turned over several pages and finally raised his eyes to the cloudless sky overhead, in mute admiration

of nature, perhaps, when he felt a light touch suddenly upon his arm and heard a fresh, young voice exclaim:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I think this belongs to you."

Timothy turned in faint surprise. It was such an unusual thing for any one to address him, that for the moment he was taken aback. A young girl was standing beside him—a girl with golden hair and blue eyes, at once mischievous and serious. In her extended hand she held a tiny vellum-bound volume.

Now, it was a very unusual thing indeed for Timothy to notice a woman's dress, but on this occasion he took in all the details of the girl's personality at a glance—her white gown, and even the pale pink feathers in her hat. He placed the book in his pocket, presently, and thanked her with an awkward bow. Then he turned away in the direction of the bathers beyond.

"Can anything," he said half to himself, "be more intensely absurd than a spectacle like—like that?" He pointed to the bathers as he spoke. "Why is it, I wonder, that men must always remain children, following childish pursuits and satisfied with childish pleasures?" He stopped abruptly and fixed his attention again upon his book.

"Oh, sir," said the girl's gentle voice behind him, "are we not all of us the better for a little innocent enjoyment?"

Timothy wheeled round sharply. He did not like to be interrupted when he was reading.

"Child," he said gravely, "I thought you had gone. Do you want anything of me?"

There was nothing encouraging in his manner. Still, the girl did not seem daunted, although a faint blush overspread her face. "I thought—it seemed to me—that you were so utterly alone"—she stammered.

Timothy started and stared. Then his features relaxed, and when he spoke again it was in a gentler tone.

"How came you to think of me?" he asked.

"I have noticed you for several days—ever since we came here, in fact," she answered frankly. "I was on the beach when you passed by this morning and I saw you drop the book from your pocket. I was almost afraid to return it to you, you looked so grave and absorbed. Besides"—she hesitated and colored.

"Well," said Timothy sharply, "besides what, child?"

"Oh, I hope you are not angry. I dare say it was only meant for fun," she said in some confusion. "They told me I must be careful how I spoke to you—that is all."

"Ah!" said Timothy with a grim smile. "Well," he added presently, glancing at her with keen interest, "do you think I am a lunatic?"

"Of course not."

"Thank you," he said dryly. "I know perfectly well what people say of me, and so do you, no doubt. However, it has no effect upon me—none whatever. Being superior to most people, I can afford to treat their opinions with contempt. Besides, there is no one in the world, perhaps, whom I would willingly choose for a companion. I have my books and my thoughts. I appreciate both too highly to wish for anything better."

"Surely," she said earnestly, "you must sometimes feel the need of other companionship."

"You are mistaken," he replied briefly, "I do not."

"Why, then," she asked after a short pause, "do you not bid me leave you?"

A vague sense of astonishment began to steal over Timothy. He turned abruptly and looked steadily at her.

"Because, child," he said, letting his gaze wander once more to something else, "I admire you, very likely, for not allowing yourself to be guided by the opinions of others."

"I have always been accustomed to judge for myself."

"Then you are an exceptional woman," he replied, dropping his momentary softness of tone and relapsing again into cynical indifference.

Then a pause. Then the girl said gently:

"I must be going now. My aunt will wonder what has become of me."

"Yes, I suppose so," he said mechanically.

"You are not vexed because I spoke to you?"

"No, child—no."

"I feel sorry"—she began timidly.

His forehead contracted suddenly. "Sorry for what?" he asked vehemently. "I desire no sympathy. Why should you feel called upon to regret for me that which I do not regret myself? I have chosen my life. It suits me. Don't pity me, or"—

"Forgive me," she said in a voice that was slightly tremulous. "Indeed, I only meant to be kind."

"Well, well; but do not think that I require sympathy, child."

She hesitated an instant, and then said gravely, "Good-by, sir."

"Good-by," he replied.

She turned and left him. Timothy watched her as she ran lightly down the beach, her white dress fluttering behind her. He was now quite alone, and at liberty to turn his thoughts to nature and the universe, but, strange to say, he did nothing of the kind. He drew from the pocket of his dressing-gown the volume which had just been returned to him and examined it attentively, to make sure that it had sustained no injury from its recent uncerecermonious acquaintance with the earth. Having satisfied himself on this point he opened the book at random and began to read aloud. By degrees he became conscious that he paused often, and that he had no very clear idea of what he was doing. Finally, the book dropped from his hand unobserved.

"For fifteen years," he said slowly, "I may say that no human creature has voluntarily addressed me. And now to think that this girl, this child—oh, it is absurd!" he concluded abruptly, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders. "It has spoiled my best morning thoughts."

As he spoke he made his way toward the hotel, and, catching sight of his grotesque shadow upon the sand, something like a smile crossed his lips.

On the following morning, as he sauntered slowly along the beach, his eyes generally downcast, or else looking up sharply from beneath their heavy brows, glanced furtively from side to side. When he met his companion of the day before, as it is perhaps needless to say he did, she attempted, with a degree of persistence that was almost heroic, to draw him into something approaching a sustained conversation. She was tolerably successful, for Timothy so far forgot himself once or twice as to give a little vent to his ideas, many of which were both new and startling to the girl. They were, however, none the less interesting on that account.

A week passed in this manner. Then Timothy recognized the fact that a change was somehow being ef-

fecting within him. He perceived, with almost passionate despair, that his attention wandered continually from his studies. The ponderous weight of the universe began gradually to be lifted from his shoulders. It seemed almost as if a portion of his youth had returned to him in the midst of his full manhood, just as sometimes upon the branch of a withered tree we see a few leaves of tender green spring forth.

"Is it possible," he would say to himself, "that I am no better than the rest of men? After seeking for so long to elevate myself above the level of humanity, am I at last to fall ignominiously below its lowest depths? But no!" he cried suddenly, striking his forehead. "I trust that I am not weak enough to fly from phantoms. Poor, miserable wretch," he continued, accosting his reflection in the looking-glass, "can it be that you have attributed to yourself all this time virtues which you in no wise possess? Go, fool, and return to your books!"

All this sounded reasonable enough, but in reality it meant nothing at all. In the seclusion of his room Timothy was one person, but in the society of his new companion he was another. It occurred to him one day, with a sense of semi-absurdity, that he did not even know her name. So when he next spoke to her he took occasion to inquire it.

"It is nothing at all pretty, or even nice-sounding," she replied. "I am called Deborah Smithson. It is sometimes abbreviated into Debbie."

"Deborah Smithson," repeated Timothy, with a curious sensation of relief; "why, it's as ugly, every bit, as Timothy Whithouse."

The girl laughed. She seemed to be unconscious of the fact that in spite of his evident gratification Timothy was ill at ease. He had grown restless and gloomy. He felt that a change had taken place in his existence, and a change very much for the worse. Irrelevant thoughts would forcibly intrude themselves upon his most profound meditations, and his hitherto peaceful life he felt had departed from him forever. He began to avoid Deborah Smithson, reproaching himself the while for his childish weakness in being unable to surmount a comparatively trifling difficulty.

One morning some one obstructed his path as he walked toward the sea, and looking up he saw Deborah standing there. He was about to pass on with merely a slight inclination of his head when an expression upon her face arrested him and he stopped short. There were tears in her eyes. Instantly his manner softened, and he extended his hand.

"Child," he said, "what is the matter?"

"There is nothing the matter with me," she said gravely. "Why should there be?"

He put out his hand hastily and then drew it back. "My child," he began, "if you could only know"—He broke off suddenly, and a faint color stole into his face. There was a world of meaning in his tone which did not escape her. She did not speak, however, until they had reached the wooden bench.

"What have you to tell me?" she asked.

"Indeed, I hardly know," he answered. "Your companionship has become very precious to me. I do not understand how it has come to be so, but it is true, nevertheless. You know what my life has been. Lonely and solitary, but surely peaceful. I have lost the solitude and the peace has gone with it."

"No matter," she said striving to speak lightly; "they will both return to you again—when I am gone."

"You are mistaken," he said quickly. "They can never come back to me again."

His voice was sad and tremulous. For several mo-

ments there was silence between them. "When once," he continued finally, "a life such as mine has been interrupted, it is not apt to return again to its more particular groove. With a younger man it might be different, or with one who had adopted a similar mode of existence late in life after a free, joyous youth. But with me it is not so; I have always been the same, and therefore a change with me is felt more keenly than it would be with another. Is my meaning clear to you, Deborah? Do you understand what you have done?"

"Yes," she said gently; "and if I could undo it I would."

"But indeed I do not wish it undone," he interposed hastily. "That is the worst of it. That is what makes me have such an utter contempt for myself. You came to me uninvited and perhaps unwelcomed. You have turned my thoughts from grand and solemn subjects to others of comparative lightness and frivolity. I would not have it so, for I am no longer happy. And yet," he added softly, "to undo it would be to remove the one bright spot in my life."

He rose while speaking and paced the sand thoughtfully. Deborah sat silent and troubled, hardly knowing what to make of his strange words.

"I will go away and leave you to yourself," she said at last. "I will not annoy you any more. Indeed—indeed you may yet be happy and contented."

"No," he said slowly, "not you; but I—I will go."

He turned as he uttered the last word and began to walk back toward the hotel while Deborah sat and looked at the waves through a mist of tears. All that day he remained shut up in his room plunged in thought, his head resting upon his hands. He felt bowed down and oppressed by

"The bosom weight
That no philosophy can lift."

"Why should this have happened to me, of all men?" he exclaimed. "I have asked nothing, required nothing of any one, and yet my happiness has been destroyed, while those about me whose lives are a constant demand for support and assistance are peaceful and contented. It is unjust; I have elevated myself only to be cast down in the end."

When it was dark and he had swallowed a mouthful of food that he had sent for, he approached the window and looked out. Below him stretched a wondrous panorama. Masses of people moved gayly backward and forward among the grass and flowers. Further on, the waves dashed with a sullen roar upon the beach. In a charming kiosk of blue and gold a military band was making preparation for the usual evening concert, while an eager, expectant crowd stood waiting to catch the first strains of music. The western sky was flooded with a pale rose-colored light, which lent an additional charm to the picture. Timothy stood motionless and watched it all, while twilight descended gradually and stole away again to give place to night. Then, all at once, the scene grew still more wonderful and brilliant. Hundreds of tiny lamps were lighted among the flowerbeds and gleamed brightly with soft sapphire or ruby flames. Quaint Chinese lanterns were suspended everywhere—upon the *façade* of the hotel, upon the kiosk and among the foliage of the trees and shrubs. Presently the musicians began to play the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*. It was like a glimpse of fairyland, but Timothy's heart was too sorrowful to appreciate it. He left his room in a few moments and went out into the open air, passing through the joyous throng unobserved. "I have no place among them," he said to himself with a touch of his former cynicism. On the

beach numbers of people were sitting, many of them lovers undoubtedly. He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Too late—too late," he said aloud, and repeated the words over and over again as he walked along, until he found himself beside the bench which it was his habit to occupy in the morning. It was the hour generally devoted by every one to music, late dining or flirtation. The moon was almost entirely hidden behind a heavy cloud. Timothy stood by the water's edge and looked about him. He was not too far off to catch a faint sound of the music. He drew his hand wearily across his forehead. "I have lost my peace," he said mechanically, "but I shall soon find it again—not here, though," he continued, stretching out his arms, "but there—far off—in space—in eternity!"

The last words were spoken almost in a whisper. Again he glanced about him furtively. There was no one in sight. He stepped deliberately into the water. The moon was still vainly struggling to penetrate the heavy veil of clouds. The starlight was dim, almost imperceptible. "I shall soon find it now," he said calmly, and went on step by step in the dark, invisible blue of the water, until finally he disappeared.

About half an hour later, as Deborah was strolling carelessly along the beach with her aunt, she saw a black, immovable mass lying directly in front of her. She was unable to tell at once what it was, owing to the obscurity of the night, but she advanced fearlessly and bent down and touched it.

"Why, Aunt Jane!" she cried suddenly, "I do believe it's a man, and that he's drowned! See," she added, looking closely at the motionless form, "he has long hair and is dressed in a gown of some sort and he has a little book, I think, clasped in one hand." As her mind grasped all these details, she started up with a little cry. "Oh, Aunt Jane," she exclaimed excitedly, "it is my dear professor! Help me to call assistance or he will die—perhaps he is already dead. Come quickly, we have no time to lose!" Deborah ran toward the hotel as fast as her trembling limbs would allow her, leaving her bewildered aunt to follow more slowly. The various couples seated about on benches, and those of more sedate minds who were occupied in other ways, were suddenly startled by the appearance in their midst of a young girl wild with terror and alarm. "Oh, do help me!" she cried. "There is a gentleman lying yonder upon the beach, and I fear he is dead—drowned. Come—come at once." Without waiting to observe the effect of her words she sped as fast as possible back to the spot where poor Timothy lay. In a few moments the intelligence she had imparted spread like wildfire, and an eager, excited mass of people, armed with lanterns and restoratives, reached the unfortunate man's side almost as soon as Deborah. The lamplight, falling across his face, revealed a ghastly but perfectly calm countenance, which, of course, was instantly recognized. "Why," exclaimed several voices simultaneously, "it's old Whithouse! I knew he would do something of this sort eventually. He was as mad as a hatter."

Some brandy was finally forced between his tightly-closed lips, while Deborah knelt by his side and sought to warm his hands between her own, unmindful of the curious glances which took note of the action. When he was carried back to the hotel and laid upon the bed in his own room, a physician was summoned. Life was not extinct. A wave had probably washed him ashore a few moments after he had tried to put an end to his existence. Poor Deborah, watching anxiously by

his bedside, was at last rewarded by seeing his eyes open slowly with a gleam of returning consciousness. For the first time that evening tears came to her relief, but she turned away and tried to stifle her sobs that he might not hear them. By and by he fell asleep, and the physician went away. Then Deborah's aunt came in and begged her to return to her room and rest, but she shook her head, saying she would rather remain where she was. "If I leave him," she continued, "it will do no good. I cannot sleep after this dreadful scene—and—and he has no friend but me."

All through the long night she sat by the window watching and thinking alternately. She felt that a crisis in her life was approaching, and she wondered dimly what it could be. Still more she wondered at Timothy's strange mishap. Had he been accidentally washed into the sea or had he really intended to commit suicide? Could it be possible that after all his mind was affected, or had he determined to end his existence because—? When she reached this point in her reflections Deborah found herself unable to continue. A vague, nameless hope had sprung up in her heart. By degrees the night wore silently away, and she saw the gray mists of early morning roll aside like a curtain, and in their stead long streaks of crimson light appear in the eastern sky. With it all came delightful odors from the sea, which lay calm and still like a sheet of deep blue crystal. She glanced toward the bed where Timothy lay. He was sleeping quietly, and a delicate flush had succeeded the deadly pallor of his skin. Unconsciously a deep-drawn sigh of relief escaped her. Then, worn out bodily and mentally, she let her head fall back upon her chair and slept also.

Timothy awoke in a short time, and his first impression naturally was an utterly bewildered one. Where was he? In Paradise? At the bottom of the ocean? In space? He had an indistinct recollection of what he had done the evening before. He remembered having walked calmly into the water. He recalled the cold chill produced by the waves, the partially-veiled moon, the faint starlight, the mist which in the distance seemed to rise like a gauze screen from the sea, the vivid radiance of the lights flashing in the semi-obscure beyond near the hotel, and the confused strains of music.

After that everything was a blank. He must have been drowned, and if so, what was he doing here in his own bed? Was he in death still doomed to inhabit the very earth from which he sought to escape during life? Or, if he was really alive, who had dragged him from his contemplated destruction? Who had been bold enough to declare that he should live when he desired to die? He sat up in bed, and, to his still greater amazement, saw a female figure sitting at the far end of the room fast asleep. He rubbed his half-dazed eyes confusedly. Was he dreaming? Was he really dead, after all, and in another world? He looked again at the motionless figure. Why, it was Deborah—Deborah Smithson, the very person he had longed to escape from. He was astonished, however, to find that the idea of her presence was not so distasteful as it ought to be. A feeling of weakness suddenly overcame him, and he sank back again upon his pillow. He could not understand it in the least. Various conflicting ideas occurred to him indistinctly, like shadows from another world. He closed his eyes once more and waited quietly for something—he knew not what—to happen. Presently the door opened and a gentleman who was a stranger to him entered the room.

"Well," exclaimed the new-comer cheerfully, as he

grasped Timothy's hand, "how do you feel?" He nodded his head wisely, and without waiting for a reply continued: "You're getting along splendidly, I should say. You must thank little Miss Smithson for it, though. If she hadn't found you lying up yonder in the sand you might have been washed back into the water. How did it all happen? I'm the doctor, you know. Doctors always want to know everything."

Timothy, however, did not consider it necessary to gratify the doctor's curiosity, so he did not reply directly.

"Miss—Miss Smithson found me on the sand, did she?" he said presently, in a tone more of reflection than interrogation.

"Yes. She happened to be walking along the beach in that direction with her aunt. She has been sitting there all night, too, taking care of you," said the doctor, indicating Deborah by a gesture of his hand.

"I suppose," said Timothy after a pause, "that I ought to be very much obliged to you all. I don't think the world is such a very pleasant place, but as long as I'm here again I shall have to make the best of it. Good morning, doctor; I need not detain you any longer."

"Eh?" said the doctor, utterly amazed. He had never before been treated so unceremoniously he thought. He recovered himself in a moment, however, bowed and left the room, saying he would come again should Mr. Whithouse send for him.

When the door closed upon him Timothy lay back and gave himself up to reflection. Gradually it dawned across him, particularly when he looked at Deborah, that he had made a fool of himself.

"Idiot that I am!" he exclaimed aloud. "For years I have been seeking the highest good, the most perfect enjoyment, and actually thought that I had found them, while all the time I never even knew what constituted them." The idea struck him as being so ridiculous, that, for the first time in several months, he burst into a loud laugh.

At the sound Deborah started up in alarm, her first impression being that he was delirious.

"Well, child," said Timothy calmly, "so you saved my life, did you? I suppose I must thank you."

"If you get well again," she replied, approaching him slowly, "I shall be more than repaid. I shall never forget the horror of that discovery, or the anxiety which has followed." As she spoke, her eyes closed involuntarily.

"Come here, child," he said gently; "come close to me; I have something to tell you."

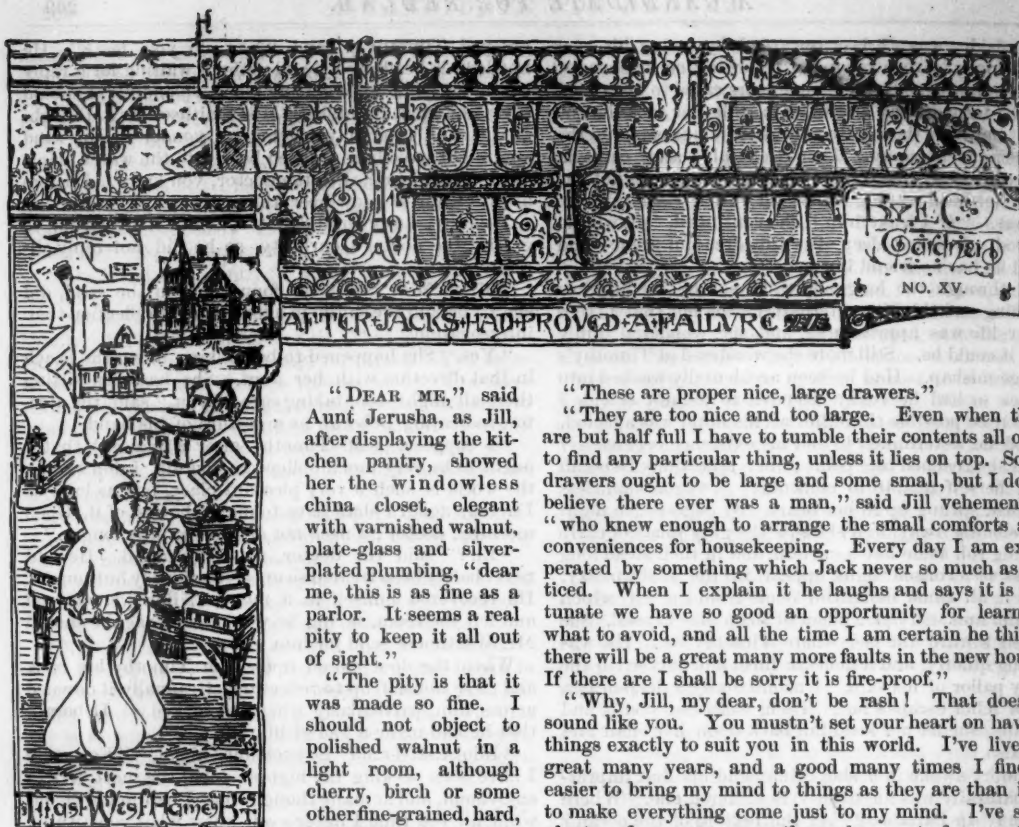
She advanced wondering, but her pale face flushed a little.

"Deborah," he said, and it seemed to them both that he was speaking in an entirely new voice, "Deborah, my little friend, I have made a mistake, a sad mistake. I have been seeking my happiness in the wrong direction. I thought it lay in books and solitude, but it is not so. It is embodied in something infinitely more beautiful. I love you, Deborah. Can you find your highest good in me, as I have found mine in you? Answer me, child." His voice had sunk to an eager whisper.

Deborah felt herself tremble from head to foot. The crisis she was expecting had come. It surprised her greatly, and yet it seemed perfectly natural. She bent down and with a sudden impulse laid her hand on Timothy's forehead.

"You have found yours now," she said. "I found mine long ago. It lay concealed, I think, in the little vellum-bound book that you dropped upon the sand, and which I returned to you."

THE MARCHIONESS CLARA LANZA.



"DEAR ME," said Aunt Jerusha, as Jill, after displaying the kitchen pantry, showed her the windowless china closet, elegant with varnished walnut, plate-glass and silver-plated plumbing, "dear me, this is as fine as a parlor. It seems a real pity to keep it all out of sight."

"The pity is that it was made so fine. I should not object to polished walnut in a light room, although cherry, birch or some other fine-grained, hard, light-colored wood is preferable; but all this

ornamental work, these mouldings, cornices and carved handles are worse than useless—they are ugly and troublesome. If I can have my own way—I'm glad Jack isn't here to make comments—I shall have every part of the new pantries as plain and smooth as a marble slab, with not a groove or a moulding to hold dust, and never a crack nor a crevice in which the tiniest spider can hide. The shelves will be thin, light and strong; some wide and some narrow; a wine-glass doesn't need as much room as a soup tureen; the cupboard doors shall be as plain as doors can be made, and shall not be hung like these, to swing out against each other at the constant risk of breaking the glass and of pushing something from the narrow shelf in front of them. They ought to slide, one before another, and the front shelf should be wide enough to hold *lots* of things when they are handed down from the upper part of the cupboards."

"I'm sure the little sink must be handy," said Aunt Jerusha, amiably looking for merits where Jill saw only defects.

"It might be if there was room enough at each side for drainers and for dishes to stand before and after washing. I don't wonder that Jack's china is 'nicked' till the edges look like saw teeth; glass and fine crockery can't be piled up into pyramids even by the most experienced builders without serious damage to the edges. There ought to be four times as much space at each side."

"I suppose there wasn't quite room enough."

"There was *always* room enough. There's enough now outside, and would have been inside, if the house had been well planned," said Jill rather sharply.

"These are proper nice, large drawers."

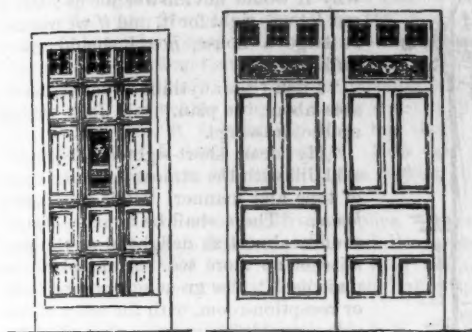
"They are too nice and too large. Even when they are but half full I have to tumble their contents all over to find any particular thing, unless it lies on top. Some drawers ought to be large and some small, but I don't believe there ever was a man," said Jill vehemently, "who knew enough to arrange the small comforts and conveniences for housekeeping. Every day I am exasperated by something which Jack never so much as noticed. When I explain it he laughs and says it is fortunate we have so good an opportunity for learning what to avoid, and all the time I am certain he thinks there will be a great many more faults in the new house. If there are I shall be sorry it is fire-proof."

"Why, Jill, my dear, don't be rash! That doesn't sound like you. You mustn't set your heart on having things exactly to suit you in this world. I've lived a great many years, and a good many times I find it easier to bring my mind to things as they are than it is to make everything come just to my mind. I've seen plenty of women wear themselves out for want of things to do with, and I've seen other women break down from having too many; trying to keep up with all the modern fashions and conveniences, and to manage their houses with the same kind of regularity—'system' they call it—that men use in carrying on a manufacturing business."

"Well, why shouldn't they, Aunt 'Rusha?"

"I'll tell you why, my dear. A business man has a certain, single, definite thing to do or to make. Every day's work is very much like that of the day before. He may try to improve gradually, but, in the main, it is the same thing over and over again. Our home life ought not to be like that. A man ought not to be merely an engine or a cash-book; a woman ought to be something more than a dummy or a fashion plate; our children should not be like so many spools of thread or suits of clothes, turned in the same lathe, spun to the same yarn, and cut according to the same pattern and rule. I'm sure I could never have done my work and brought up six children without some sort of a system, or if your uncle had been a bad provider. But I never could have got on as well as I have if I had given all my mind to keeping things in order and learning how to use new-fashioned labor-saving contrivances. There's nothing more honorable for womankind," said Aunt Jerusha, as she rolled up her knitting and prepared to set out on her homeward ride, "than housework, but it ain't the chief end of woman, and unless your house is something more than a workshop or a showcase, it will always be a good deal less than a home."

Jill hardly needed this parting admonition, but listened to it and to much more good advice with the respect due to one who, for nearly half a century, had



OUTSIDE BARRIERS.

looked well to the ways of her household, whose helping hands were always outstretched to the poor and needy, whose children rose up and called her blessed, and whose husband had never ceased to praise her. After her departure her niece indulged in a short season of solemn reflection, striving faithfully to attain to that wisdom which always knows when to protest against existing circumstances and when to accept them with equanimity. Ultimately she reached the conclusion that, while the house that Jack built might indeed be a thoroughly comfortable home to one who had a contented mind, it was really her duty in her probationary housekeeping to be as critical as possible.

Among other things the doors came in for a share of her usually amiable denunciation. She declared they were huge and heavy enough in appearance for prison cells, yet so loosely put together that their prolonged existence seemed to be a question of glue. They were swollen in the damp, warm weather till they refused to be shut, and would doubtless shrink so much under the influence of furnace heat in the winter that they would refuse to stay shut. The closet doors swung against the windows, excluding, instead of admitting, the light. The doors of the chambers opened squarely upon the beds, and there seemed to have been no thought of convenient wall spaces for pictures and furniture.

The architect's theory of doors, as expounded in one of his letters, was simple enough: "Outside doors are barricades; they should be solid and strong in fact and in appearance. Inner doors, from room to room, require no special strength; they should turn whichever way gives the freest passage and throws them most out of the way when they are open. Seclusion for the inmate is the chief service of chamber doors, and they should be placed and hung so as not to give a direct glimpse across the bed or into the room the moment they are set even slightly ajar. Closet doors are screens simply, and ought to hide the interior of the closet when they are partially open, as well as when they are closed. They may be as light as it is possible to make them. In many houses one-half the doors might wisely be sent to the auction-room and the proceeds invested in portières, which are often far more suitable and convenient than solid doors, especially for chamber closets, for dressing-rooms, or other apartments communicating in suites, and not infrequently a heavy curtain is an ample barrier between the principal rooms. It may be well to supplement them with light sliding doors, to be used in an emergency, but which being rarely seen, may be exceedingly simple and inex-

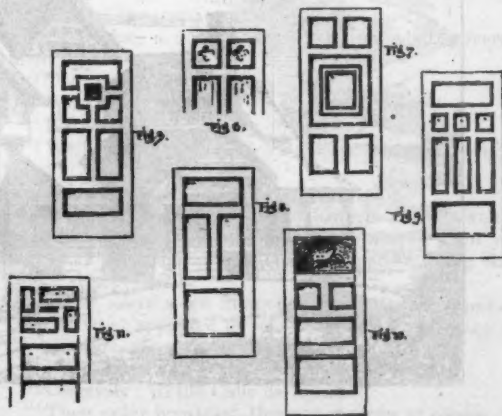
pensive, having no resemblance to the rest of the finish in the room. For that matter such conformity is not required of any of the doors, although it is reckoned by builders as one of the cardinal points in hard-wood finish that veneered doors must 'match' the finish of the rooms in which they show. This is absurd. Doors are under no such obligations. They may be of any sort of wood, metal or fabric. They may be veneered, carved, gilded, ebonized, painted, stained or 'decorated.' To finish and furnish a room entirely with one kind of wood, making the wainscot, architraves, cornices, doors and mantels, the chairs, tables, piano, bookcase, or sideboard, all of mahogany, oak, or whatever may be chosen—the floors, too, perhaps, and the picture frames—is strictly orthodox and eminently respectable; but, like the invariable use of 'low tones' in decorating walls and ceilings, it betrays a sort of helplessness and lack of courage. Discords in sound, color and form are, indeed, always hateful, and they are sure to be produced when ignorance or accident strikes the keys. Yet, on the other hand, neutrality and monotone are desperately tedious, and it is better to strive and fail than to be hopelessly commonplace."

This advice concerned not the doors alone, but referred to other queries that had been raised as to the interior finish generally.

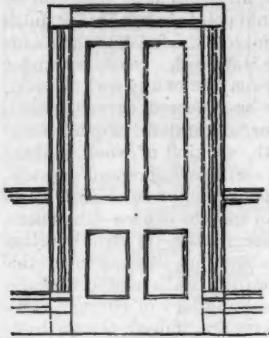
One evening Jack came home and found Jill "in the dumps," or as near as she ever came to that unhappy state of mind, the consequence, as it appeared, of Aunt Melville's zeal in her behalf.

"Why should these plans worry you?" said Jack. "I thought common sense was your armor and decision your shield against Aunt Melville's erratic arrows of advice."

"My armor is intact, but, for a moment, I have lowered my shield and it has cost me an effort to raise it again. I supposed my mind was fixed beyond the possibility of change, but this is a wonderfully taking plan. At first I felt that if our lot had not been bought and the foundation actually begun we would certainly begin anew and have a house something like these plans. Then it occurred to me that in building a house that is to be our home as long as we live, perhaps, it would be the height of absurdity to tie ourselves down to one little spot on the broad face of this great, beautiful world and live in a house that will never be satisfactory, just because we happen to have this bit of land in our



INSIDE BARRIERS.



COMMON UGLINESS.



SIMPLE GRACE.

possession and have spent upon it a few hundred dollars."

"Sensible, as usual. What next?"

"Well, this last and best discovery of Aunt Melville's was undoubtedly made like our own plan to fit a particular site, and it seems beginning at the wrong end to arrange the house first and then try to find a lot to suit it."

"I don't see it in that light," said Jack. "I know the architect has been preaching the importance of adapting the plan to the lot, but if two thousand dollars are going into the land and eight thousand into the house, I should say the house is entitled to the first choice."

"Certainly, if it was a city lot, with no character of its own, a mere rectangular piece of land shut in upon three sides and open at one. But ours has certain strong points not to be found in any other unoccupied lot in

town. Besides, there are other reasons why it would not answer for us; but if our lot was right for it, and if we wanted so large a house, how I should enjoy building it!"

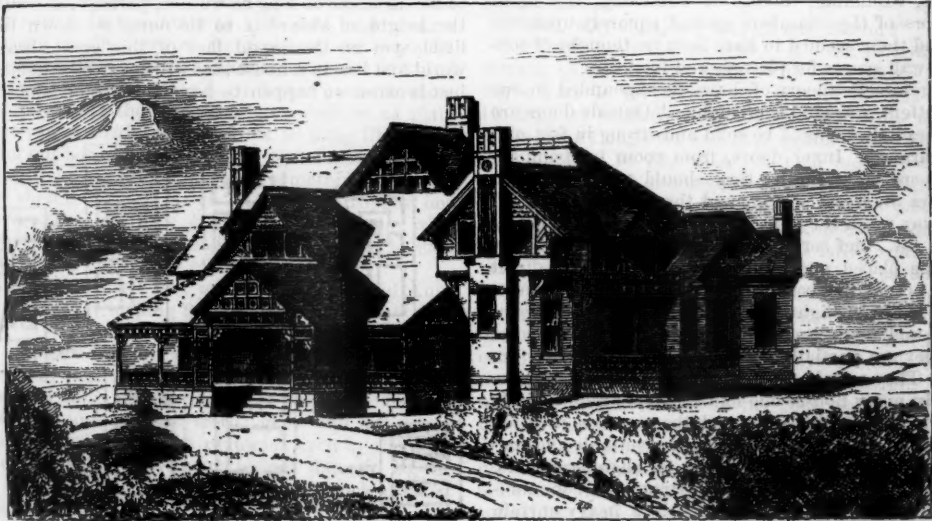
"I don't see anything so very remarkable about the plan," said Jack, taking up the drawings.

"My dear, short-sighted husband," said Jill with the utmost impressiveness of tone and manner, "it is a *one-story house*. 'There shall be no more stairs' sounds almost as delightful as the promise of no more sea. And look at the plan itself: The great square vestibule, or reception-room, with the office at one side—wouldn't you enjoy that, Jack?—then a few steps higher the big keeping-room, with a huge fireplace confronting you, and room enough for—anything. For games, for dancing, for a billiard

table, for a grand piano, for a hammock—or"—

"Say a sewing machine, a spinning-wheel, or something useful."

"Anything you like, a studio or a picture gallery, for it is twice as high as the other rooms, and lighted from the roof. At the right of this, and with such a great wide door between them that they seem like two parts of the same room, is the sitting-room, with another great fireplace in the corner, bay window and a conservatory fronting the wide entrance to the dining-room, at the farther end of which there is still another grand fireplace, with a stained-glass window above it. These three rooms—four, if we count the conservatory—are just as near perfection as possible. Then see the long line of chambers, closets and dressing-rooms running around the south and east sides, every one with a southern window, and all communicating with the corridor that leads from the keeping-room, yet sufficiently united



"THE OAKS"—RESIDENCE OF COL. W. E. BARROW, WILLIMANTIC, CONN.

to form a complete family suite. The first floor—I mean the *one* floor—is five or six feet from the ground, so there can be no dampness in the rooms—and just think what a cellar! Altogether too much for us.”

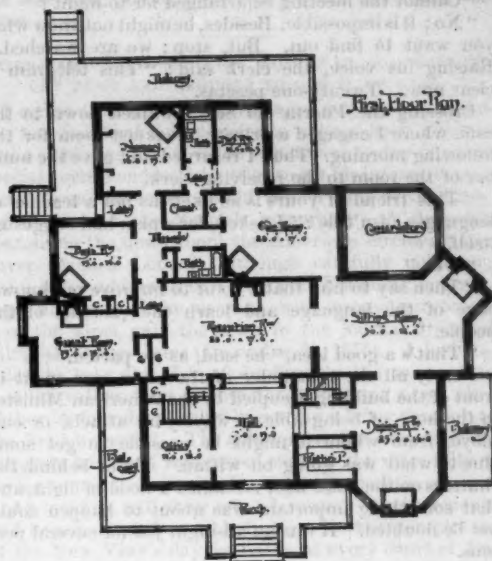
“Indeed, there isn’t. I’d have a bowling alley, a skating rink, a machine shop, a tennis court, and—a rifle range. Yes, it is a taking plan, but there are two things that I don’t understand. How can you cover such a big box, and where is the cooking to be done?”

“The old rule of two negatives applies. Even a one-story house must have a roof, and the breadth of this makes a roof large enough to hold not only the kitchen but the servants’ room on the same upper level.”

“A kitchen up stairs!” exclaimed Jack, for once startled into solemnity.

“Aunt Melville considers this the crowning glory of the plan. Owing to this elevation of the cooking range there is no back door, no back yard, no chance for an uncouth or an unsightly precinct at either side of the house.”

“That would be something worth living for. I think, Jill, we had better examine these plans a little farther.”



THE DIPLOMACY OF JOURNALISM.

A REMINISCENCE OF A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT. IN THREE PARAGRAPHS.

FIRST PARAGRAPH—IN WHICH I CULTIVATE ONE ACQUAINTANCE TO MAKE ANOTHER.

It was a raw December night in 1875. A turn in the kaleidoscope of life had brought me once more to a European capital. Again my mission had to do with the *Virginian* question. It had taken me to Havana in '73, now it had brought me to Madrid. The American citizens captured on that ill-fated steamer had been dead fully two years; but there had arisen some complications regarding the payment of the indemnity, and Spain threatened to fight rather than settle up. Europe and America were waiting to hear what the Cabinet of the young King would propose, it never having occurred to anybody that the starched and methodical State Department at Washington would do anything.

I had been at Madrid many weeks, and was now waiting for private advices from the palace at Aranjuez, whither it was known his Majesty and ministers had gone to consider the grave subject. The censorship over the press and over all telegraphic despatches was much stricter than usual. All messages were carefully scrutinized, and, although paid for in advance, those which the capricious censor was disposed to suppress were never heard of again. I was informed by business men that the simplest of telegraphic messages, relating to mere matters of trade, had frequently been stopped, because of some suspicious word in them. No restitution of the tolls exacted in advance could ever be obtained. Indeed, all the charms of a tyrannical monarchy, and, especially, of a governmental control of the telegraphic service, were readily felt.

To the end that the delays might be as brief as possi-

ble, it had become my custom always to hand the messages to the same clerk, and to accompany the paper with a piece of silver.

As I presented a brief telegram on the night in question the clerk whispered, when our heads were close together over the counter:

"The American Legation has just received a long despatch in cipher."

"Indeed!" said I, with unfeigned surprise. "Is it very long?"

"Several thousand words," was the answer.

"Of course, a copy is kept here for your government?"

"That might be done, as you say."

"Who handles it?"

"But, you forget, it is in cipher."

"Well, then, who uncodes it for the Spanish Government?"

"How should I know?"

"Yes; but you do. Introduce me to him"—and I represented the interest I felt in the matter even yet more forcibly after my left hand had made a flying visit to my vest pocket.

He was silent a few moments; then, looking quizzically at what appeared to be a very illegible passage in my message, the clerk asked in a low voice:

"Do you know the Café Fornos?"

"Certainly; in the Calle de Alcalá."

"Then order breakfast there to-morrow at eleven, in a private room, and it is possible you may make the gentleman's acquaintance. I will try to think of an excuse for bringing you together."

"Cannot the meeting be arranged for to-night?"

"No; it is impossible. Besides, he might not know what you want to find out. But, stop; we are watched." Raising his voice, the clerk said: "This telegram is clear now. Twenty-one pesetas."

Crossing the Puerta del Sol, I walked down to the café, where I engaged a private breakfast-room for the following morning. Then I returned and gave the number of the room to the receiving clerk.

"This friend of yours is as likely as not a teacher of languages; isn't he?" I asked, for a plan had suggested itself.

"Yes."

"Then say to him that I want to improve my knowledge of the language and learn the customs of the people."

"That's a good idea," he said, as we parted.

Nearly all the remainder of the night was spent in front of the building occupied by the American Minister in the hope of being able to waylay an attaché or employé, from whom it might be possible to get some clue to what was going on within. From behind the shutters on the office floor streamed a flood of light, and that something important was about to happen could not be doubted. It was an all-night job for several persons.

SECOND PARAGRAPH—WE BREAKFAST TOGETHER AND I TAKE TWO LESSONS IN DIPLOMACY.

LEAVING my hotel early the next morning I was quietly toasting my knees before the *brasero* of live coals that made a show of warming the small apartment of the Café Fornos, when a middle-aged man was shown in and introduced himself as Doctor Obisero. His English, in which he strove to conduct the conversation (probably as much out of personal vanity as otherwise), was of a highly Ollendorffian type.

"You are the gentleman to whom the Señor Alvarez of me spoken has?"

"I believe so."

"You desire of me some lessons in the language to take much?"

"If it be possible for you to spare a portion of your valuable time for the purpose."

"Every the days?"

"Yes; an hour or two every day."

"The which you wish to begin when?"

"This morning."

"Very well; I with it agree."

"What will be the charges?"

"One dollar each lesson."

"That is satisfactory; and as I am a stranger to you here is a month's pay in advance."

"I am much grateful."

"Not at all. Now let us take a bite of breakfast"—and we sat down at the table.

Having sent for bitters and cognac, I mixed a couple of brandy "cocktails," one very strong, the other moderately weak. My tutor protested that he rarely drank cognac in the morning; but on my assurance that the "cocktail" was a national drink in America, known quite as well by the name of "eye-opener," he yielded. Draining the glass containing the "cocktail" *forte* at a gulp he said:

"The cooktay—the openair of the eye—ha! ha! Me it pleases much."

"Shall I mix you another?"

"I fear myself it is too much."

"It is the custom of my country to take one at any time. One will keep the other company. You are

going to make a Spaniard of me; let me make an American of you—for the time."

"As you please; anozer."

Breakfast was then served, and during the next half-hour a couple of bottles of Valdepeñas on the top of "the eye-openers" had caused my new friend's tongue to wag like the knocker of a cabinet minister's door in the time of a political crisis. In the meantime the conversation had passed through the intricate mazes of comparative philology into the misty realm of diplomacy.

"That of which is the science extraordinaire," knowingly suggested my opposite. "When one has *entraded* the velvet door, more better can he study the science of government."

The drunker he got, the crookeder his English.

"It is a subject in which I take no interest," I carelessly rejoined, anxious not to display any curiosity.

"That is too worse—too bad. But, I of it will in you inspire the love muchest. *La diplomacia es mi entusiasmo.*"

"Your people are born diplomatists: we Americans have it all to learn."

"Si, si. You are wise already. You speak the fact when you have say, 'the Americans have it all to learn.'"

"What causes you to think so, just now?" I ventured to ask, trying to look as innocent as a girl.

"Oh, many thing; especialidad the Minestair Feesh. He's one queer man—the queermost man—I ever know of," and he burst into a fit of laughter.

"Surely you do not laugh at Minister Fish?"

"Yas; eat ees off 'eem I was teenking. Tell me, please, ees he a funny man?"

"No; on the contrary. He is very dignified and highly respected. What has he been doing?"

"You I must not the which tell."

"I'm sorry, for I would laugh with you."

"He has a most foolish thing done."

"No? I can't credit it."

"Cartain. He have to the powers European a letter addressed asking their opinion on a subject great important"—

"That's very queer—very strange."

"Yas," uttered with emphasis and a jerk of the head.

"But why is it so funny?"

"Because eat so dam absurd ees. The matter is of the Powers European no business any, except to Spain, and he have not ask her advice at all. Don't you comprehend?" and my hilarious companion rolled with mirth. Joining in the laugh, I said:

"He has asked the wrong parties? Oh, I see."

"The better he ask my advice." The absurdity of which suggestion caused a new outburst of laughter, in which, surveying the now glowing rotundity of his companion's face, I heartily took part.

"I suppose Minister Fish wanted to know what they thought in Europe of Havana cigars made in New York?" said I, pretending to guess. The circular could not be a declaration of war, I mentally reasoned; but it must relate to Cuba.

"Nevaire," said my opposite almost contemptuously, and the conversation was allowed to drift whithersoever it listed until the Doctor had finished the "stump" of the third bottle of wine, and had helped himself liberally to the cognac that was brought on again with the cigars. When the waiters had left the room and closed the door, the subject was readily reopened again. The face of my opposite was a curiosity. He had not suction power

enough in his cheeks to keep his cigar aglow, and had already burned his fingers several times in trying to re-light it with the wax matches which, under the circumstances, he was too clumsy to strike quickly. I couldn't have kept from laughing at him to have saved my soul. He looked around sharply and asked:

"Of what you laugh?"

"To think of Minister Fish asking Europe whether Cuba was an island or a cigar maker," I explained, hardly appearing to notice his question. The Doctor regarded me with lofty commiseration. Clearly, in his opinion, I was too drunk to remember anything about the conversation. "Am I not right?" I asked in conclusion.

"It ees than that more rediculous much; I will accompany you,"—evidently meaning to use the word "accommodate."

"Was eh difference?" I suggested, my eyes as blind as a kitten's.

"The ambassador to thees court has been directed to ask all the other powers of Europe whether or not the United States ought to put an end to the war in Cuba," he said slowly.

"'S incredible!" looking at him cross-eyed.

"Ya-as; but eet ees true."

"Does he state his reasons?"

"Yas; at some longness."

"And without Spain knowing anything about it?"

"Ya-as," he roared, as he helped himself to a glass of brandy, laughing so hard, meanwhile, that he spilled more than half of the liquor.

"But you know his little game. Tell me how he goes about it." In which I went just a step too far, for the face of my companion steadied itself, as he said:

"Another time; *mañana, pour la mañana, hasta mañana*," which, as uttered on that occasion, was about equal to our latest slang expression, "Not this morning, some other morning. Good morning."

This brought the breakfast to a close; after which, separating from "my tutor," I sprang into a cab and drove to the American legation. The statement of Doctor Obispo seemed too incredible without some sort of confirmation. On the other hand, I really did not hope for any positive information from General Caleb Cushing, who was certainly the most discreet representative of this government I have ever encountered, at home or abroad. Trusting much to the first shock, I plumply told him that I had just learned from a cable despatch that Secretary Fish had sent through him a circular letter to the several European powers stating the case of our government in regard to the Cuban insurrection and asking an opinion as to the justice of intervention in behalf of peace and humanity.

Except that the lines about his mouth and smoothly-shaven chin became a trifle more distinct than usual, there was not a trace of surprise or annoyance. Waiting several moments for an answer, I asked:

"Can this be true?"

Still not a word in rejoinder.

"Perhaps, then, I've been misled?"

"Has the journal you serve a correspondent at Vienna?" General Cushing calmly asked.

"Certainly," I answered, at random.

"Well, ask him; he may be able to answer your question very fully."

"But is it worth while?"

"Who can tell? One thing is certain: you can't find out *here*, perhaps you may *there*." If ever a hint was effectually rubbed in it was this one.

I did not ask Vienna, knowing I was safe; but I gave

the Austrian capital the credit for the news, just the same.

THIRD PARAGRAPH—SHOWING HOW IT IS ONE THING TO GET NEWS AND ANOTHER TO GET IT PRINTED.

I BELIEVE it was Thackeray who first had the courage to admit that it was easier to write a book than to find a publisher. Such is the experience to-day of every special correspondent who tries to get his information to market past the censorship of the servants of the Czar, the Kaiser or the Spanish monarchy. A despatch containing the news about the American circular letter never reached London, although carefully ciphered; but a letter addressed to a friend in Bordeaux containing a duplicate of the message, with instructions to put it on the wires, gave the news to the journal I served thirty-six hours later (December 29, 1875). I had decided to take the risk of duplicating the message to London rather than to lose the important news altogether by four days' delay in getting a letter through to the British capital. The subsequent discovery that my telegram had been suppressed showed the utter folly of trying to use the wires under ordinary conditions.

An incident will show what I mean. Arrangements had been perfected to cable to New York a pen picture of the New Year's day festivities at every court of Europe. My despatch was carefully prepared, and included an account of the reception at the palace; but among the list of those who had called to pay his respects to King Alfonso was, naturally enough, mentioned the name of Marshal Serrano, the Duke de la Torre. Although filed at the department at four in the afternoon of January 1, the message did not reach Paris until the next evening—too late, of course, to be of any value. The reason was that, unknown to me, the Marshal had been snubbed at the palace, and the censor, who had learned the fact, deemed it wise to send the despatch to him to read over before forwarding it. The ex-Corporal of her Majesty's Body Guard was giving a dinner party, and was not to be interrupted until the following day. Therefore, the message, which the government officials had been paid to forward at once, was detained twenty-four hours, and the money charged was fraudulently retained.

It was therefore clear that neither a plainly-written despatch containing Spanish political news nor a cipher message that was unintelligible was likely to reach its destination. Success in transmission of news would depend on so writing a cipher message that it would be perfectly readable as referring to an unobjectionable matter. To that end it would not do to use the code formerly employed.

An emergency arose within a few days which proved that the censor could be fooled.

One morning my friend, the doctor, arrived later than usual. I had kept up a show of the lessons, thus contriving to meet him every day; but often finding he had no information that I cared for, I closed the sittings after a few minutes. On this occasion his face beamed with good humor, and before I had finished two pages of "Gil Blas," which I was reading aloud for perfection in pronunciation, the doctor broke in with great fluency in his native tongue:

"Do you remember what I once told you about American diplomats?"

"Let me think, now; what was it?" I replied, affecting to have forgotten the matter.

"The circular letter of Señor Fish about Cuba."

"Oh, yes; now I remember."

"The Spaniard knows how to defeat such sneaking

diplomacy. Spain has answered the United States in the same manner—the reply has already been received at every court in Europe; but Señor Fish must find its contents out for himself.”

“*Eso esta magnifico: eso es la diplomacia de los grandes!*” I exclaimed with considerable real enthusiasm and admiration.

“Listen to what General Jovillar, who inspired the letter, says,” and, before I could recover from my amazement, he drew out of his pocket a memorandum of the text, which he read in full. By praising its cleverness, I induced him to carefully re-read several portions that had not been clear to me at first. Then, under a trifling pretext, I left the room, hastened to a neighbor’s apartments in the same hotel, caught up some paper and committed the points of the Spanish rejoinder to writing. The possibility of doing this in a score of short sentences was proof of its logical cleverness. Returning to my room as soon as possible the lesson was resumed, but “*Gil Blas*” was such insipid reading under the circumstances, and my pronunciation so execrable, that an excuse shortly occurred for ending the function.

Now, I had something really precious; but how to get it to London and New York was the problem. I would jump on the train and go to Bayonne! But the only train for the day had gone, and two days and a half must therefore expire before I could get through, during which time the chances were twenty to one that the contents of the Spanish note would leak out somewhere in Europe. In all probability the Spanish Government would be glad to have it published, and the censor would therefore allow it to pass? And yet a second thought showed me how foolish this idea was, for not only was it at variance with the theory upon which the note was sent (namely, of defeating Mr. Fish at his own secret intrigue), but the Spanish Government possessed a hundred channels through which publicity could be given the reply when the time was deemed fitting. I was bursting with anxiety. Confound all despotism!—the Spanish monarchy in particular.

After smoking a cigar over the matter, I prepared, with a deal of trouble, the despatch given below, taking advantage of the proposed visit of the Prince of Wales to Spain *en route* from India, and sent it off to London:

“Add letter mailed about Prince of Wales’ visit. Prospective coming Wales and suite received with great public favor. His return from East adds interest to special private advices from Alexandria regarding reopening of diplomatic controversy between Italy and Egypt. Have just ascertained Italian Government has issued rejoinder to Egypt’s circular regarding Suez question, replying in unmistakable language to proposition stated by Egyptian Minister of State that continued troubles in Zanzibar necessitate Egyptian intervention in name of humanity. In tone, reply is quite belligerent, and takes high ground on questions raised. Impression in Alexandria is that it will completely counteract effect produced by previous document. In substance it declares that existing commerce

between Egypt and Zanzibar has not suffered to any appreciable extent by troubles in Abyssinia. Instead of trade having diminished it has, in reality, prospered and is constantly growing; therefore no ground for complaint and no tenable justification for proposed action. Statement is also boldly made that Egypt’s commerce is not her own, and little prospect of any in future. Attention is asked to the fact that many citizens of British India and Arabia, as well as Egypt, have established themselves in the commercial centres of Zanzibar, where, being unmolested by the government, they have amassed large individual fortunes, adding no wealth to island because trade in foreign hands. Further stated that Arabian territory is constant refuge for outlaws from Suez, who are there permitted to hatch conspiracy to detriment and injury of home government, thus outraging law of nations. Besides, all just and equitable claims between Egypt and Abyssinia have been amicably and fully satisfied, or are before courts for adjustment. Therefore, can be no just complaint. Style is argumentative, yet fully dignified as becomes occasion, and alleged to have been written by Minister of War.

“Don’t forward this until letter arrives, but acknowledge receipt immediately.”

What my friend Jackson (the same intrepid journalist who has been searching in Siberia for the lost members of the *Jeannette’s* crew) thought of me when he received that despatch I never had the courage to ask him. In about three hours came the reply:

“Prince’s despatch arrived safely.”

Meanwhile I was prepared to enlighten him by means of the following code:

Cuba,	Zanzibar, Suez, Abyssinia.
United States,	India, Arabia, Egypt.
Spain,	Italy, England, Tunis.
Madrid,	Alexandria, Rome, Calcutta.
Havana,	Cairo, Bombay, Naples.
Washington,	Madras, Aden, Venice.

As will be seen, I had not used all the words, having arranged them in triplets, to give greater diversity to the code message if necessary. I then wrote out a despatch, which a friend copied, signed and sent to Mr. Jackson’s private address in London. It ran as follows:

“In letter forwarded regarding Prince of Wales in East cancel first twenty-six words, and correct India, Arabia, Egypt to United States; Italy to Spain; Suez, Zanzibar, Abyssinia to Cuba; Alexandria to Madrid. Answer if you understand.”

As may be imagined, I was quite anxious until I received a despatch after midnight, couched in the simple words:

“The Prince is in perfect health. He sailed for America to-night.”

So far as I know, this is the first instance in which a cipher message was sent ahead of its key.

The Spanish reply to the Fish circular note appeared in print on the following morning in New York (January 16, 1876).

JULIUS CHAMBERS.

THE Board of Health of one of the States has recently sent in a report in regard to one class of emigrants coming to this country. The physician for the board states that he has never known any disease to either originate or extend among them. “The reason is their simple, perfectly cleanly, frugal life. They eat to live and do not live to eat. They constantly bathe them-

selves and keep their clothes scrupulously clean. They drink no whisky. Hence the death-rate is greater among every other class than this. No epidemics prevail among them.” One would fancy a State holding out its arms to such emigrants. It does, in the shape of—firearms, for the State is the State of California and the emigrants are the Chinese!



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"GAY CASTLES IN THE CLOUDS THAT PASS."

"GOOD MORNING, little boy."

Martin Kortright opened his eyes, sat up and looked about him in amazement. He found himself upon a wide, high-posted bed, above which hung a canopy of pale blue silk, the curtains of which fell about him, making a tent, and reminding him of the summer sky at twilight. These were drawn back in front, and through the opening he saw a spacious room, high-ceiled, and frescoed in blue and gold. Heavy silken window-curtains matching the rest in color shut out the sunshine, save here and there a ray that shot between their folds. The furniture was rich and massive beyond any that he had ever seen before, while just in front, a mirror that reached almost from floor to ceiling multiplied the magnificence a thousand-fold to his astonished eyes.

"Don't you know where you are?"

The words were followed by a merry, rippling laugh. Martin looked in the direction whence the words and the laugh came. Standing just in front of him, one arm upon the coverlet and the other on the great white pillow she had pulled down so as to get a sight of his face before he awoke, was the dark-eyed little lady who had filled his dreams of late. Her bright face hardly showed above the coverlet. A colored nurse stood holding back the curtain and laughing at the child's impatience.

"La, chile, don't be so fractious-like. Do let the little boy git awake afore you bothers him so."

"He is awake, aren't you, little boy?"

Martin rubbed his eyes again, and said candidly, "I—don't—know."

"Don't know?" laughed the sprite. "Don't know when you're awake? Oh, you're too funny for anything. Where do you think you are?"

"I don't know," said Martin seriously. Then glancing around the room he added solemnly, "In Heaven, I guess."

"Oh, you queer boy. No, you ain't in Heaven. You are here at Sturmhold, and you have been asleep, oh, ever so long. I thought you would wake up when we got home, but you didn't, and papa brought you here and put you on the bed himself. Oh, he's awfully good, my papa is. Don't you think so?"

"Well, well," said a brusque voice at the foot of the bed, and Captain Hargrove stepped forward with a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes. "Is that

the way you treat your guests, Hilda—wake them up to catechise them on your papa's merits and demerits?"

"Oh, papa," cried Hilda with tones of rapture, bounding into his arms and kissing him again and again.

"There, there, dear," said the father, checking her caresses; "save some of them for to-morrow morning. Let me speak to your little friend, won't you?"

"Oh, papa, he doesn't know where he is."

"I'm not surprised at that, puss, if you waked him up."

"Oh, I didn't kiss him," she said, glancing shyly at Martin under her dark lashes.

"Indeed! Why not, I should like to know?" he asked quizzically.

"'Cause"—she said, dropping her head still lower and putting a finger to her pouting lips—" 'cause I—I couldn't get at him."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the father heartily. "A very good reason, indeed. I suppose you would have kissed him if you could, eh?"

"He's a good little boy," said the girl sententially.

"That's true, dear, and how is the good little boy this morning, George—I mean Martin?"

"Pretty well," answered the boy, simply. The affectionate by-play between father and daughter had been almost as great a marvel to him as the enchanted palace in which he found himself.

"That's right," said Hargrove, patting the boy's cheek and noting the temperature and tone of the skin as he did so. "Yes, you are all right. Does the arm ache?" looking at the fingers the surprised lad was unconsciously bending back and forth to remove the feeling of uneasiness which the night had brought to the splintered member.

"A little," said Martin, with some surprise.

"Sorry," responded the master of Sturmhold, "but when you have had breakfast and a ride after the bays I reckon you'll feel better, won't you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy, waking into life at the mention of the horses.

"Well, well," laughed the Captain, "William will come to help you dress presently, and we will see that you do not get drowsy again, before night at least. As you could not wake your prince with a kiss, Hilda, you might as well give him one to disenchant now. He is evidently under a spell of some kind."

He held the child over and she put her arms about Martin's neck and kissed him on the cheek. The boy

drew back doubtfully, while the Captain tossed his daughter up and bore her laughingly away. The kiss burned on Martin Kortright's cheek with a strange warmth. Could it be that the wonderful being, the very sight of whom had soothed his pain on the day of his misfortune, had kissed him? There was something so strange so wonderful, so fairly-like about her that he could hardly believe himself awake. He thought it must all be a dream, and when the colored servant came, he submitted to be washed and combed and dressed with a half belief that he would get awake and find that the castle had crumbled. But when he saw his rough farmer-boy shoes nicely blackened and the careful servant brushing his clothes, which, though his very best, yet seemed strangely coarse and out of place amid the grand things that surrounded him, he began to experience a sense of depression and awkwardness that destroyed all the glamour, and made even the magnificent surroundings painful and oppressive. When he was ushered down to breakfast and sat beside the little Hilda, whose eyes were deeper and softer than ever, and remembered the kiss upon his cheek; saw a repast, really plain, but seeming to his unaccustomed eyes of regal richness, and served by watchful servants who moved about with noiseless steps, and spread upon a massive table, in dishes of rare delicacy of form and material—china and silver and glass, with the glint of gold in the lining of some of them;—when all this burst upon him, the sense of unreality returned. He wondered if the missionary who sent the seeds from which had grown the two evergreens before his father's door ever saw such splendor in the far-off Orient. Then he glanced shyly at the master and wondered if he were as bad a man as was whispered around the country-side.

And all that day, and for many days thereafter, the sense of dreaming unreality remained. The Knight had found his Lady-love and was imprisoned with her in the castle of Indolence, at the portal of which a terrible giant stood guard, and such was the enervating effect of the magic spells that rested on him that he no longer dreamed of doing great things, but wished that he might live on forever in this abode of luxury and ease.

The days grew into weeks, and still Martin Kortright remained at Sturmhold. Captain Hargrove, by some occult influence it would seem, had persuaded Mrs. Kortright to allow him to remain for a few days, and, by sending him every day or two to receive her caresses and inquire of his father's condition, had finally reconciled her to this partial absence, so that when the convalescent father was inclined to complain at the boy's absence, she even undertook the task of proving to him how much better it was for the lad than that he should be shut up at home during the severe winter weather. Therefore, when Captain Hargrove came and earnestly petitioned that Martin might be allowed to remain and share his daughter's sports and tasks during his absence, which important business made necessary at that time, and which might extend to months, leave was readily granted both by the father and mother.

It was not strange that they consented. The one desire of their hearts, cold and undemonstrative as they seemed, was the happiness and interest of their boy. His good was the motive of all their acts and the chief element of all their plans. Already they had ceased to look forward to a future of their own. They had already attained the limit of their growth and development. What they were to be they had already achieved. They might gather somewhat more of wealth, though they hardly desired to do so except to lift up the son therewith. To put him higher in the scale of being than they were; to

make him one of the Presidential possibilities, not by wealth nor by chicane, but by giving him a chance to make himself felt among his fellows, to be all that he might—this was the one thought of their fond, silent hearts; for this they labored, watched and prayed.

That it would be for the child's good to remain at Sturmhold for the winter they had little doubt. Not because the master was a rich man—there was in the sturdy couple none of that spirit that courts the rich for favor. They were not poor themselves, and would have scorned the thought of allowing the son to improve his chances in the world by becoming the favorite of another. It was not of benefit from Merwyn Hargrove that either of them thought in assenting to his proposal, but of advantage to be derived from a style of life Martin could never look for, even in the house of his well-to-do parents. They meant him to be something more than they had been, if it pleased God to favor their plans, and they thought it nothing less than providential that he was privileged while he was yet young to become familiar with that life they hoped he would some time adorn.

"It's a good thing," said the Squire, talking over the proposal with his wife, "to get used to the ways of the world 'arly. It comes awkward to a man after he gets grown up an' has reached the top of the ladder the Lord has set afore him to climb, to be brought in company with those that were born somewhere about the top rungs. It must take a deal of trouble to get used to servants and forms and ceremonies, then. But they're the very things a man's got to know—and not only know, but be used to, if he's going to get on in the world."

"Marty is a well-behaved boy," said the mother, half-resenting the idea that any training could be better than that of Paradise Bay.

"Of course he is, mother, and he's got good stuff in him, too. But he's like my Sunday boots. There ain't no better made boots in Albany than them—good stock and good work, every stitch on't. And they're all right for church here at Skendoah meetin' house, too. But you just ought to have seen them boots when I went into the Governor's house to present that petition we sent up 'bout the bank. I thought they were just the meanest, awkwardest, cheapest-looking things a man ever wore. I'd had 'em blacked at the hotel, but they wa'an't used to it, you see, an' it didn't take well. They squeaked an' hollered; stuck out at the side an' up at the toes an' were run over at the heel, till I thought every one in the room must be lookin' at them; an' when I sat down I hustled 'em under my chair jest as far as I could get 'em. But there was the Governor, jest as homely a man as ever looked over a stump fence, with feet as much as three sizes bigger'n mine; great long, flat mud-splashers, the biggest I ever saw, except Henry Clay's—I never shall forget his. As I say, the Governor sat there among all them great ladies and gentlemen with jest the commonest kind of boots, not more'n half blacked and a patch on the toe of one on 'em; but I tell you, Martha, they looked as if they'd just grown there. They were used to it, you see—used to it. That makes the difference, and jest about all the difference, Martha, whether it's with men or boots."

"It does take you to see things nobody else would ever think of, father," said Mrs. Kortright. "But I've often thought that it makes more difference where a man's been than what he knows. Now, there's Captain Hargrove; I don't s'pose he really knows any more'n the ordinary run of the neighbors."

"I wouldn't be afraid to bet," interrupted Kortright, "that half the men that rent farms from him read more pages, year in an' year out, than he does."

"I shouldn't a bit wonder," answered his wife. "He seems to be real kind of rough like, sometimes."

"Been a sailor, you know, or at least an officer of the navy. Seen a good deal of roughness there, I s'pose."

"Well, whether 'twas there or somewhere else, I don't undertake to say," said Mrs. Kortright with a determinedly non-committal air; "what I say is that there are streaks of roughness in him now and then, yet no one would ever think of his being the least bit awkward or embarrassed, even before kings and queens."

"That's so," assented Kortright.

"Besides that," said Mrs. Kortright, "it is a good chance for Martin to have the advantage of schooling without going to school, after having his arm broke. You know boys will be boys, and Martin ain't strong, no how."

"Never was sick a day in his life."

"That's so; but yet you know he don't grow and seem stout like."

"Well?"

"Now you know Captain Hargrove has Miss Barber, the minister's daughter from Loweboro', up to Sturmhold in his carriage every day to give that little girl her lessons; and he says Martin can just go on with Hilda an' not cost a cent more nor be a mite of trouble. In fact, he says it'll be a great advantage, 'cause it'll make the little girl work harder to keep up with him; for it seems that our boy's ahead of his girl, if he hasn't had more'n half her chances."

"That would be handy for Marty, and, as you say, save any danger of gittin' his arm broke agin."

"Yes, and then you know this rheumatiz may hang round you all winter, and I don't think it's good for children to be shut up in the house where sick folks are, too much."

"Well, no; and besides that you know the Captain says it would keep the girl chirk and lively while he's gone. An' there's where Jason agrees with him. You know he always said the little girl wouldn't do nothing but mope and mourn when the Captain was away."

"So he did. One wouldn't think to see her, though, that she ever did anything but laugh and carry on."

"She is a bright little thing," assented Kortright thoughtfully. "But they say that's just the kind that suffers most when they do have trouble."

"I s'pose that's the fact," said the cheery matron as she rocked back and forth, her needles clicking as their bright points gleamed in the candlelight. Her husband glanced at her with a half smile as he thought how well she illustrated the converse of his remark. Trouble had never worn Martha Kortright and never would. Harrison Kortright had left his bed during the day and occupied now the lounge on which Martin had passed the early days of his disability. Yet he was none the less an invalid. His thin and wasted face, over which twinges of pain passed every now and then as he spoke, testified to this fact as clearly as the cramped limbs and the pair of stout canes that lay beside his couch. As if his pain had reminded him of the fact, Kortright added after a moment:

"I don't more'n half like lettin' the boy stay there, after all's said and done, but we can't do no less after what he's done for us, that's certain. I don't know what you'd have done, or I either, if it hadn't been for that man Unthank. There must have been a month that he scarcely slept a wink at night. And come to think on't, the Captain wa'n't a particle to blame about it. I'd have had the rheumatiz any way."

"But you got it takin' that woman away that he was goin' to kidnap."

"That's so; that is, I got it that night before the 'lection," assented her husband. "'Bout the kidnaping, I ain't so sure."

"Didn't she say that he was planning to take her back to slavery, and that was the reason she ran away?" she asked in surprise.

"She certain did; but I've been thinking about the matter since I've been lying here, and I can't make it out."

"I should think she ought to know," said Mrs. Kortright.

"So she ought and perhaps she did," responded the Squire; "but I can't make it out for all that. If he'd 'a' wanted to kidnap her why didn't he do it before, or in fact what did he bring her here at all for?"

"Why to nurse his little girl."

"Couldn't he have hired that done just as well without risking such a piece of property here? And don't the girl need her just as much now as ever?"

"Well, really, one would think you were sorry for what you had done," said Mrs. Kortright.

"Not at all," said he doggedly. "The woman wanted to go and had a right to go, and I took her. That's all there is of that. But I don't believe Captain Hargrove had any more idea of kidnapping that woman than he has of kidnapping our Martin."

"Oh, mercy!" shrieked Mrs. Kortright, starting up and gazing at him in terror.

"There, there, mother," said he soothingly. "I hadn't no idea of putting such a notion in your head, What I meant to say was that he hadn't no more notion of running off that woman than—than of eloping with you."

"Now, Harrison!" said the comely matron with a blush and an arch look at her husband.

"Well, well," said he with a laugh, "I couldn't hardly blame him for wanting to do that."

"There must have been something wrong at the bottom of it."

"There ain't no doubt of that, but I ain't at all sure that Captain Hargrove was at the bottom on't."

"Perhaps not." The good dame was busy picking up the stitches she had dropped. After a time she said: "Did you ever think it queer what Jason told us about all the servants at Sturmhold being sent away, except himself?"

"No; and I don't see anything queer 'bout it now. I s'pose rich folks change their servants, sometimes."

"Of course; but ain't it queer they should change all of 'em at once?"

"Well, I don't know but it might be."

"And ain't it queer that such a man as Jason Unthank should never see nor hear from any of them again?"

"It does seem a little odd, now you mention it," assented Kortright gravely.

"And that was just before this woman Lida came on."

"And after his wife died."

"And before he brought his daughter home."

Kortright drew a long breath.

"It's all so, Martha, and there's something wrong somewhere. I don't doubt that. But it ain't in Captain Hargrove. If he ain't a good man and an honest one, then I don't know anything about a man. That's all."

"Well, it's somebody," persisted the wife.

"I ain't so sure about that," rejoined the Squire. "I'm half the notion that it's just a bad system that's made the Master a slave and the Slave a victim."

CHAPTER XII.

LITTLE by little the farmer-boy was transformed. His blue cap gave way to fur; a rich cloak and bright red tippet made him appear a fit companion for the little Hilda, with whom he rode every day. While his external appearance was thus changing he underwent a not less striking mental transformation. The ways of the great house were no longer irksome or unfamiliar. The retinue of servants no longer awed his unaccustomed eyes. The little Hilda lost none of her spiritual charm in becoming a sweet, familiar fact. Her morning and evening kiss were like honey-dew upon his lips. The child had led a lonely life, and the absence of her accustomed nurse had left her hungry for companionship, even in the crowded mansion. The "good little boy" had taken a hold upon her fancy, which the father gratified as he would have gratified her wish for any other toy. Besides, the boy had done a brave thing. He liked him. There was an unflinching straightforwardness about him that not only amused but interested. Mr. Hargrove was desirous of recompensing him somewhat for what he had suffered. So Hilda was allowed her own sweet will with her new plaything. She had persisted in giving him the room next her own, and treating him in all respects as her brother. She consulted his wishes in all things, and, to the surprise of the servants, yielded readily her will to another besides that of her father. The simple sincerity of her conduct was met by a corresponding openness and earnestness on Martin's part. He knew so little of the world which he had entered that it never once occurred to him that there was anything unusual or peculiar in his position. All around him there was an apparent lavishness that made the sums expended in his behalf seem trifles not worth considering. Why should not a man make gifts who seemed to lack any other conceivable method of expending his revenues? For to this country boy's unsophisticated mind there was nothing wanting in the appointments or surroundings of Sturmhold. Besides, he had felt himself somewhat ill at ease with Hilda while the coarse habiliments of his home-life seemed to mark the distinction between his lot and hers. So he accepted the good things that fate threw in his way, became the companion and protector of the little lady, and, unconsciously to all, soon shared her throne and ruled with her the retinue, and through her the master of Sturmhold. Hardly had the injured arm been released from the sling and the rôle of the invalid ceased, but he had become an accustomed and welcome presence in the picturesque but lonely mansion. Sharing the pleasures and the tasks of Hilda all constraint was soon forgotten. That age

"... 'twixt boy and youth
When thought is speech and speech is truth,"

makes a smooth pathway from heart to heart. The farmer's boy lost nothing of his self-respect; the nabob's daughter never dreamed of condescension. He never questioned why he found his new surroundings sweet; and it never occurred to her that they were any fairer than he had always known. She had been so accustomed to luxurious environments that she never thought of regarding them as exceptional. He had never known want, and so had no envy of wealth. Her pictures, books and toys were as rich a treat to him as if a

fairy had brought them at his wish. She never tired of his stories of his rustic sports, and soon grew almost as anxious as he for the days to come when they should visit Paradise Bay.

So it happened that, before Christmas had come, it seemed as if each home had gained another child. Squire Kortright and his wife had become devotedly attached to Hilda, and Captain Hargrove manifested more affection for Martin than he had exhibited toward any one but Hilda since his wife's death. Mrs. Kortright had been to Sturmhold on the master's invitation, and saw with a fond mother's delight all that made her boy so bright and happy. It was observed with many wondering remarks by the servants that this was the first time that any of the neighbors had been invited to the precincts of Sturmhold. Up to the day that Martin had come into the life of the mansion the utmost seclusion had prevailed. Not only was no one asked to visit the premises, but precautions had been adopted to prevent even accidental intrusion. Hilda's teacher had always been driven back and forth each day, no matter how unpropitious the weather. But since Martin's laughter had wakened the echoes about the silent house, she had several times been invited to stay for the night, and once had been kept prisoner, half against her will, for several days. A change was noted, too, in the master. It seemed as if a burden of care had been unexpectedly rolled from his shoulders. Before, he had appeared moody, absorbed and careworn. Since his wife's death he had hardly smiled on any one but his daughter. Now he was full of humor and seemed to take almost as much pleasure in the sports of the children as they did themselves.

"I declar for't," said Jason Unthank, in conversation with one of the servants soon after his return from Kortright's, shaking his head solemnly, "I declar for't, Bre'er William, I don't know what's a-gwine to happen. I'se knowed Marse Hargrove ever sence we was boys together, down at de Quarter, an' I'se been with him almost every blessed minit sence I come on, jest after Miss Retty died, an' I don't 'llow that I'se ever heard him laugh, enny more'n jest a sort ob chuckle dat he swallowed 'fore 'twas half out, till this blessed day. 'Pears like he's done turned boy agin', sence I'se been away. I do declar ef he ain't for all the world jes like de young Marse Merwyn down on de ole Carolina plantation."

"Been so most ever sence you went away, too, more or less," said William, earnestly. "We've all done talked about it over and often."

"I can't understand it," said Jason, shaking his head seriously. "I'se afeard it don't mean no good. I'se always heerd 'twa'n't no good sign when anybody turns right round from 'tother to which that way—cryin' one minit an' laughin' the next, or *vice versa*, with no sort of reason for changin' that anybody can find out."

"An' I b'leeve it," said William, with a look and tone that attested his sincerity.

"I hain't got no call to deny it," said Jason, as he passed on to his duties, with a non-committal air that befitted his position as the trusted head of the household retinue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRINCESS kissed me, holding up
Soft red lips to me at meeting;
Rich red lips, the sweetest cup
That e'er brimmed o'er with wine of greeting.

And I, who would not be outdone,
By royal bounty e'en, to save me!
Straightway repaid her, one by one,
A dozen for the one she gave me!

REBECCA CAMERON.

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE dead man's horse had disappeared, and was probably trotting back to his stable in Twickenham. But Tom Bendibow's steed, which knew its master, could be heard cropping the herbage a few rods away, at the other end of the open place. This sound, and the struggling breathing of Tom himself, were distinctly audible in the stillness of the night.

Marion, after there was no longer any doubt as to Mr. Grant's being dead, sat for several minutes motionless and silent, his head resting on her lap. Philip meanwhile was examining Tom's injuries, which proved to be a crushing blow at the base of the head, behind the right ear, and two upper ribs on the same side broken, apparently by the stamp of a horse's hoof. It seemed hardly possible that he could live long.

"Shall I lift them into the wagon?" he asked Marion. "We should lose no time in getting home."

"If you take out the seat of the wagon, they can lie at full length," she said. "I will get in with them. You must ride Mr. Bendibow's horse and lead ours."

The plan was as good as the circumstances admitted; and Philip, assisted by Marion, succeeded in lifting the two lifeless weights into the bottom of the vehicle, in which had previously been placed a kind of pillow, improvised out of Philip's coat and Marion's shawl. Marion then got in and supported Tom in such a manner that the jolting might distress him as little as possible; and finally, Philip, having caught and mounted Tom's horse, grasped the reins of the baker's phlegmatic steed, and the party moved forward. The strange darkness, which had been at its densest at the moment of the catastrophe, now began to lighten; a star or two appeared toward the east, and gradually the heavy veil of obscurity was withdrawn in the direction of the west and south. The faces of the two victims were faintly revealed. Mr. Grant's countenance bore a serene and austere expression; but poor Tom's features were painful to contemplate—the heaviness of insensibility alternated there with the contractions of suffering. "Poor boy!" Marion murmured, more than once, but with an inward and musing tone, as if her compassion extended to something beyond his physical calamity. At other times this compassionate aspect gave place to an expression of stern severity; and this again was once or twice succeeded by a beautifully tender look, which deepened her eyes and made her lips move tremulously. Few words were exchanged between her and Philip during their sad journey, which seemed to both of them as long as a lifetime, and yet brief.

Brief or long, the journey ended at last, and in the paleness of early dawn, Philip, with the help of the astounded baker, who had been aroused for the purpose, carried Tom Bendibow and the body of Mr. Grant through the iron gate, and beneath the overspreading limbs of the cedar, and into the house where Mrs. Lockhart, horror-stricken and speechless, stood to receive

them. Then the baker was sent for a physician: the dead man's body was laid on the bed in his chamber, and Philip did whatever was possible to make Bendibow comfortable in his own room. The latter had by this time begun to regain the use of his senses, and with these—though only feebly and at intervals—the power of speech.

"Did the . . . fellow who did this . . . get off?" was his first question. To which Philip replied in the affirmative.

After a pause Tom resumed: "Well, I'm done for!" "Nothing of the sort; you will be all right in time," said Philip.

"No; I'm a dead man; and . . . I'll tell you what, I'm . . . glad of it!" He said this with all the emphasis at his command. By-and-by he added, "What about the . . . old gentleman?"

"Shot through the heart."

Several minutes passed, and Philip thought that Tom was relapsing into unconsciousness, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Do you mean to say he's dead?"

"He died instantly."

"Give me . . . some water," said Tom, with a ghastly expression; and after he had drank, he continued, "I tried to help; but when I heard his voice" . . . he broke off abruptly.

"Whose voice? Oh, you mean Marion's—Miss Lockhart."

"Very likely," said Tom. "I'd better tell you how it all came on: I shan't be of any use by the time the inquest begins. I rode over the river to meet him . . . to give the letter, you know. Took the wrong road, but he'd taken it, too, so . . . we rode along together, talking, first about Perdita: then he spoke of Miss Lockhart . . . she was on his mind; he liked her, didn't he?"

"That's strange!" muttered Philip to himself.

"And we talked about . . . well, no matter! Then my girths got loose and I got down to tighten 'em, and he rode on. Just as I was mounting I heard another horse coming along . . . and there seemed to be some row . . . I rode up. I heard him say, 'Hand it over, or . . .'"

"The highwayman said that?"

"Yes," replied Tom, after a long pause. "By that time I was almost on 'em. He fired; by the flash I saw his face . . . Oh, my God!"

"You would know him again, then?"

"I shall never see him again," replied Tom, with a certain doggedness of tone. His bearing during this conversation had been so singular, and in some respects so unaccountable, that Philip was disposed to think his mind was affected. "You had better rest," he said kindly.

"I shall rest—till Judgment Day," replied the wounded youth; "and I shan't say much more before then. Oh, I have my wits about me . . . more now than when that shot was fired! Just after that I heard a call somewhere down the road; I shouted back. Then

he rode at me and hit me with the butt of his pistol. Well, he's a villain; but it's better for me to die than to hang him. I've had enough."

At this point Marion came to the door with a letter in her hand, and as Philip approached her, she said to him in a low voice: "I found this in Mr. Grant's pocket. It is addressed to Perdita Desmoines. What shall be done about it?"

Philip took the letter from her and looked at it. It was inclosed in a sealed packet of stout paper, and the address was in Mr. Grant's handwriting. Its appearance indicated that it had been kept for some time; the corners were dog-eared and the edges somewhat worn. Across the corner of the packet was the following indorsement:

"In case of my decease to be handed at once to the person to whom it is addressed, and on no account to be opened by any other person.
J. G."

"I can't leave here at present," said Lancaster, "and 'twould not be safe to trust it to a messenger. Let it wait till this evening or to-morrow."

"What's that about Perdita?" demanded Tom from the bed; for, with the abnormal acuteness of perception that sometimes characterizes the dying, he had caught her name. "A letter for her? Send for her, Miss Lockhart, please! I want to see her before I go. And she ought to be here besides. Tell her that he's dead and I'm dying and she'll come."

Philip questioned Marion's face with a look, and she responded by a look of assent. She had long ago divined the secret of poor Tom's love, and now the new birth in her own heart had quickened her sympathies toward all lovers. "I will write her a message and send it off immediately," she said, walking up to the bedside and touching the boy's hand softly with her own. "She will be here by the time the surgeon has dressed your wounds, and then you'll be feeling better. You are not to die, sir. Madame Desmoines and I will nurse you and make you well."

"That's all right," said Tom, closing his eyes with a sigh; and, yielding to his exhaustion, he sank into a semi-somnolent state which seemed likely to last some time.

"By-the-by," said Philip, when Marion had written her message to Perdita, "there's this boy's father; I forgot about him; he must be summoned instantly. I'll send word to him post-haste."

"Do you think he will come?" she answered, glancing at him for a moment and then looking away. But before Philip could reply to so singular a query, she responded to herself, "I suppose he would. And it would be worth while to have him here. Mr. Grant was his guest last night. He might help in finding the murderer."

"After what I've seen to-night," Philip remarked, "I should hardly like to ask you where the murderer is."

"This is different," she returned, "I know nothing. I see only people that I love. Don't think of me that way, Philip."

"You know how I think of you, Marion."

"If I did not, I could not bear this."

They were in the little sitting-room down stairs, standing by the window where they had so often stood before. Overhead was audible occasionally the soft foot-fall of Mrs. Lockhart, moving about in the room where Grant lay. The east was exquisite with the tints of approaching sunrise, and the calm and strength of nature made the morning sweet. The earth, which had wheeled through the light and darkness, the life and

death of so many myriad years, still maintained her tireless pace no less freshly than on the first day. Could a human heart, also, turn as hopefully from the shadows of the past, and voyage onward through untraveled paths toward the source of light? or must the dust and gloom of weary years still cling to it and make its progress dreary? Love is truly life: deprived of it, body and soul alike stagnate and decline; but, gifted with its might, we breathe the air of heaven even in the chamber of death, and our faces are illuminated even in a dungeon.

It was in the air and light of this immortal morning that Marion and Philip now looked at each other, brightened thereby from within as the sunrise brightened them from without. The utterance of their hearts was visible in their eyes, and there was hardly need of words. But the love which has not avowed itself in words is incomplete.

"Will you be my wife, Marion?" said Philip.

"Have you known me long enough?" was her reply.

"I have known you all my life."

"But to have me will be more wearisome than to know me."

"Marion, I love you."

"I love you, Philip. Oh, Philip, can this be happiness that makes my heart ache so? If I did not know there was so much sorrow in the world, I could hardly live! Can Philip Lancaster belong to me, and I to him? I am afraid to have you know how much I love you. I am afraid to know myself. No! I will not be afraid. Take me, Philip! Kiss me."

It was with reverence that Philip kissed her first; but then love overcame him. There was no one like her in the world. He would be a hero and a saint for her sake.

About nine o'clock in the morning, Perdita, Marquise Desmoines, drove up to the gate. She alighted and walked quickly up the path to the door. Her face was vivid, and her bearing alert and full of life. Philip met her at the entrance.

"Is Tom really dying?" was her first question.

"He seems to wish it, and the surgeon gives no encouragement. He is anxious to see you."

"Is it known who did this?"

"Nothing as yet. Tom Bendibow seemed to have something on his mind, but I think he wanders a little. He may speak more explicitly to you."

"Take me to him," said Perdita; and when they were at the door of the room she added: "I will see him alone." So Philip went away, thoughtfully.

Perdita closed the door and moved up to the bedside. Tom's face was turned toward her: it had the pallor of coming death upon it, but her propinquity seemed to check the ebbing current of vitality, and to restore the poor youth in some measure to himself.

"Good morning, Perdita," he said, with a feeble echo of cheerfulness in his tone. "I told you yesterday I'd like to die for you, and here I am at it, you see!"

"Do anything but that, Tom. I want you to live."

"It can't be done, now. I don't believe even your marrying me would keep me alive now!" said Tom, though with an intonation as if the matter were open to question. "And it's just as well, you know. I had no notion till now how easy dying is. It doesn't hurt half so much as a licking at school. I rather like it."

"I wish I knew who struck you," said Perdita, with a frown in her eyes.

"Nobody shall ever know that: I've made up my mind!" said Tom gravely.

"Do you know, Tom?"

"Yes, I do know. I wanted to tell you that much, though I'll tell nothing more. And it's just as well I'm going, for I couldn't stand keeping such a secret long. Don't try to guess it, Perdita, please. Whoever he is, he's got worse than hanging already. Let's talk about other things. I found him—your father—and gave him the letter. He never read it; the night was like pitch. But we spoke about you. We've all of us made a mistake about him; he was true grit, I can tell you. Oh, here's a letter for you, that came out of his pocket! I'm glad of it, for it was an excuse for sending for you."

Perdita received the packet in her hand, but scarcely glanced at it. She leaned over the helpless figure of the last of the Bendibows, and stroked the hair on his forehead with a touch as light and soothing as the waft of a breeze. "My dear, dear Tom," she said; "I wish I could have made you happy. I am not happy myself."

"You do make me happy: and if . . . I say, Perdita" . . .

"What, dear?"

"Do you remember when I left you yesterday I couldn't kiss your hand, because I felt . . . I'd better not. But now, you know?" . . .

"You shall kiss my lips, dear, if you care to," said Perdita, bending her lovely face near him.

"Oh . . . But not yet, Perdita; not quite yet. Because I should like that to be the last thing . . . the very last of all, you know. You go on and read your letter, and let me hold your hand; and when I'm ready I'll press it, so: and then . . . will you?"

"Yes; anything you like, dear," she answered.

She broke the seal of the packet. It contained a second

inclosure, also sealed. But there was also a loose fold of paper, on which was written the following:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER: This will come to you when I am no more. It contains the explanation of the Past: why I left you; what manner of man I, your father, was. This information is comprised in letters written by myself and others twenty years ago. I have kept them by me ever since as a measure of defense against possible injury. After I am dead they will no longer serve this use, and I do not require you to peruse them. You may, if you see fit, burn them unread; but, if you feel a curiosity as to your father's real fate and character, I do not forbid you to read them. Act herein according to your own inclination and judgment, and I shall be content. But I request you in no case to act against any other person on the authority of what is contained here. What is past in our lives may be used to increase wisdom and charity, but should never be made the instrument of revenge.

"My dear daughter, I have loved you heartily all my life. I pray that God may bless you and make you noble and pure. Your father,

"CHARLES JOHN GRANTLEY."

After reading and re-reading this letter, Perdita sat for some time lost in thought. Should she open the other packet? Might it not be wiser to burn it?

Her hand had been lying in Tom's meanwhile, though she had almost forgotten it. On a sudden she felt a slight pressure; very slight, but it made her turn quickly and look at him. It was easy to read the tidings of that face; pinched, pallid, lacking in beauty and dignity; but the face of a man who loved her and who was at the point of death. She put her mouth to his and kissed him. His lips just responded and no more.

A carriage drove rapidly up to the gate and Sir Francis Bendibow's footman rapped loudly on the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STILL HOUR.

"SATISFIED."

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Psalm xvii: 15.

I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied!
But oh, not now, my restless heart, not now,
Not till life's vexing problems patiently are wrought,
Not till its weary burdens all are laid aside
And evermore each fretting task is done.
Not till the imperious will, with utmost human might,
Has striven to compass Heaven and bring its glories down
To make a deathless pleasure-ground of changing earth,
Striven and failed: and found that failure sweet.
Not till this glowing fever ebbs to pulseless calm
That paints the throbbing brow a pallid, painless hue.
Not till my toll-worn hands lie folded, cold and white,
And quiet rest the weary feet, their every errand run.
Not till my time-tired spirit, freed from its thrall of clay
Shall say to earth, Good Night! And when the morning dawns,
That morn which never grows to noon nor wanes to night,
And I shall wake to see its wondrous, matchless light,
Wake in the likeness of my Saviour, saved, redeemed.
Then shall my waiting, longing soul be satisfied,
All satisfied, forever and forever satisfied!

ELLEN OLIVER.

DOES our life grow sweeter, richer, more beneficent year by year?

HEROIC unselfishness always commands the enthusiasm of mankind.

I HAD rather that one fading bud of kindly sympathy were laid in the palm of my living hand than that my coffin were

shadowed by a pyramid of the costliest exotics that ever burdened with sickly fragrance the chamber of death.—J. L. Russell.

WE are told to look at the old faiths in new light. Might it not be well to look at new faiths in the old light also?—E. B. Webb.

A MAN may never have all his questions answered, or all his doubts resolved, but he may be sure of salvation in Christ.—Munro Gibson.

THE preaching of the day would be greatly improved if ministers realized that the world keeps itself from Christ because of spiritual imbecility rather than from mental rebellion.

A MAN who is sensitive to right and wrong, and would rather be right than wrong, and is trying to do right instead of wrong, has not committed the unpardonable sin.—H. W. Beecher.

THERE are men who carry the continual sense of God's presence. They stand on the summit of a sublime realizing faith, and into their souls there comes at all times a divine influence.—A. M. Beebe.

WHEN we look about for some token of Christ's power to blight and destroy those who despise His mercy, searching carefully through all the scenes of His ministry and all the pathways of His journeyings, we find but one worthless tree withered and dried down to its roots, as though the lightning had smitten it.—H. A. Nelson.

J. L. RUSSELL.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Facts.

THEORETICALLY, questions of fact can be answered without a possibility of fairly questioning the correctness of the answer. Practically, facts are often as difficult of demonstration as a proposition in moral philosophy. Let any one who doubts it attend, let us say as a juror, a few trials in some civil or criminal court. Again and again do witnesses, equally credible, contradict one another on matters concerning which it would seem that there should be no possibility of two opinions. One swears that the clock struck ten at a given time, another that it struck twelve. One swears positively that he saw the accused commit the crime. Another swears that at the same moment he, the accused, was ten miles away. Do these witnesses lie? By no means! If it were a question of color and there were a conflict of testimony concerning red and green, everybody would say "color blindness," of course, and the proper tests would be applied. But, if eyes play such tricks under known conditions, what guarantee have we against unheard-of freaks under unknown conditions? There are such things as optical illusions, but does any one pretend to say when or how they occur, except under cover of some wholly inadequate generality—disordered nerves or the like? How do we know what we really see? So in regard to the other senses. The writer hereof knows a person of otherwise quick perceptions who is unable to hear a sound at the receiving end of the telephone, and it is said that to some persons certain common noises are wholly inaudible. Not long since a party of three inspected a New York dwelling with a view to signing a complaint to the Board of Health. Two of them perceived a sickening odor, which to the third was imperceptible, although his nose is not ordinarily impotent.

Where do we stand, then, in regard to facts? Certain undefined dimensions and shapes, standing in certain relations to other undefined dimensions and shapes, are invisible or distorted in certain eyes. Some sounds, under conditions not at all understood, are inaudible to certain ears. Odors which are vile to one set of olfactories are inoffensive to another set. How are we going to prove our simplest statements regarding tangible material things, and are we ever justified in assuming that a fellow-being is willfully a liar? Perhaps he really thinks he saw or heard, or smelled what he says he did—shall we brand him as a falsifier because his senses gave evidence at variance with our own?

That this is a very serious matter goes without saying. Heaven only knows what assumed fact of to-day may be refuted to-morrow, or what apparent impossibility of this year may not prove perfectly simple and practicable next year. It is not a very cheering prospect if we trust alone to individual perceptions, but this at least we know: Society and law and order have survived the process of the ages, and how could this have been, if, as a general thing, Truth had failed to come off victorious in her perpetual conflict with Falsehood?

The Decline of the Lover.

THE lover of the old-fashioned novel was a delightful person, and if he knew anything he knew his own mind. He might flit like a butterfly from rose to lily, but after he saw his Lucy he never faltered. He wore her colors, he did battle for her. If he thought she was proved untrue his heart turned to ice, and we went off to wild conflict or to lonely penance. His love ruled his life, and when it

went wrong he was wrecked. He never rushed off to Italy and painted pictures on sudden inspiration, nor did he establish charity schools and teach little children to keep their aprons neat and sing Gregorian chants. His eyes grew hollow, he wandered moodily through his ancestral halls, and he made no secret of his woe. Every one knew he loved his Lucy, and that she was false to him. But, as it afterward turned out, she was not untrue. Cruel parents, savage rivals, had plotted against the lovers' peace, but her compass-like heart had never lost its balance, nor he his magnetic power. And in the end he always married her.

He never had to make up his mind, as does the lover of to-day, whether he loved her or not. He made a swift and sure diagnosis, and he never possessed one of those subtle and modern souls which never knows where the blue ends and the green begins. And he had the courage of his love. The reader never found him parleying and tampering, and when he decided that she did love him and he was in danger of loving her, rushing off to foreign lands or paying court to a married flirt. When the lover of the olden novel loved, his first thought was of winning the object of his passion, and he did not begin by marrying his rich cousin. His troubles were many, but they were made for him. There were mercenary fathers, intriguing mothers, rivals interfered, fortunes were clouded, but he made no entanglements himself.

The lover of the modern novel is a very different person, and as a lover he is not as satisfactory. He is never ardent, and he has a dozen minds, not only about marrying his Serena, but about loving her. If by some unforeseen accident he does find his affections caught, his first impulse is to rush away and perhaps engage himself to another girl. We are no longer called upon to follow two faithful, ardent hearts in their fight against fate, but we help to analyze the dubious emotions of people bent on separation. Perhaps they ought not to think of each other. One, probably, is already married, or both may be engaged, but even if such obstacles do not exist they are still bent on renunciation, on self-sacrifice. The object of the modern lover is always to give her up. To marry her rival, to go to war, to promise his mother he will not, to do something he cannot in honor retract, is his eager impulse, and so Leander swims away from his Hero as fast as the Hellespont can carry him. It is true they generally marry at last, but fate is to blame, not they. They have done everything the old-fashioned lover would not have done, for he would have gone to the stake rather than have run from his Lucy just because she loved him and could marry him.

SHIPBUILDING on the Delaware is illustrated this week by a paper descriptive of the famous yards of Messrs. Cramp & Son in this city, and next in order is a charming sketch of another industry, which has not of late received any more favor at the hands of Congress than have the shipbuilding interests, namely, the Chinese washman. In the poetical version of the "Relief of Hennebon," author and artist have cleverly worked together, presenting a spirited picture of mediæval life; turn the page and the Marchioness de Lanza gives a humorous view of very modern days at the seaside. Jill's house assumes every week more attractive features. In "Journalism" Mr. Chambers presents a vivid inside view of the possibilities of newspaper diplomacy. In Mr. Hawthorne's "Dust," a thrilling crisis is reached, and in "Hot Plowshares" young Martin Kortright seems to be in a fair way to meet his fate and complete his education.

BOOK NOTES.

SOME SUMMER NOVELS.

ANNE. A novel, by Constance Fennimore Woolson. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

LEONE. Round Robin Series. J. R. Osgood & Co. \$1.00.

AN ECHO OF PASSION, by George Parsons Lathrop. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS, by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Roberts Brothers. \$1.00.

DICK'S WANDERING, by Julian Sturgis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Had Miss Woolson been content to limit her field in "Anne" to that included in the first half of the book it would have gained in every respect. Never has the wild life of the Northwestern lakes been so vividly pictured, with its intense blue sky, its free wind and the scent of the pine trees. The curious half-blood element, Père Michaux, at once subtle and simple, tender and scheming; the garrison life, with its narrow interests and petty jealousies, and Anne's rare and noble girlish presence are all alive. The same sense of power goes with the transfer of the scene to New York; the school life, with its finally complicated interests, and all the mingled tragedy and comedy of the watering-place and Anne's first summer in fashionable society. With the war element and the rapid succession of changes, not only in scene but plot, one ends in a good deal of bewilderment. The final catastrophe is inartistic, superfluous, and, on the whole, outrageous, and all the ingenuity of construction and evolvment cannot reconcile one to the unnecessary and brutal murder and the sacrifice of a noble to an ignoble nature. But there is promise of something much finer and with more sustained power, and with all its weaknesses we have to thank Miss Woolson for a genuinely American novel, owning a very noble and also thoroughly American type of woman as heroine.

For a series which holds as many charmingly-told stories as does the "Round Robin," it is a misfortune that anything so preposterous as "Leone" should have been allowed to follow "Rosemary and Rue" or "Dorothea." The adventures with Italian brigands are marked "historical," and undoubtedly are so, but lack flavor after About's "King of the Mountain." American fathers, we are aware, rush into the arms of all Italian artists who ask their daughters in marriage, and therefore there is no occasion for surprise when Edith accepts the nameless painter and her father devotes himself to discovering his antecedents. Mrs. Radcliffe, the "Children of the Abbey," and a tincture of Mrs. Southworth are all discernible in the very peppery hash which serves as plot, the death of Leone, the brigand chief, and the union of Silvio and Edith ending this resurrection of departed methods. Why must American writers persistently go abroad for plots, and has not art-student life in Rome served its purpose long enough to be allowed now to rest for a season?

It is curious how close the writer of to-day can come to a genuine success and yet miss it. In George Parsons Lathrop's "Echo of Passion" there is much excellent work, shrewd observation and many delicate touches, but as a novel the book is a failure. The purpose of the work is to show how a sudden fancy, having the fierce impulses of passion, may take possession of a man and urge him on to unnatural and unjustifiable action, and how a good woman under the influence of interest and pique will exercise her power, even if she knows its results must be disastrous. In real life such conditions do not meet as oil and water and as readily separate, but this is just what happens in the "Echo of Passion." The characters stand at the end much where they did at the beginning, and the reader feels that Mrs. Eulow will again put on her pretty dresses and sing for her friends. Why she should not, considering how easily Fenn shook off her charm and how little she hurt the already dissatisfied Ethel, would be a mystery to the most morbid.

"The Marquis of Carabas" is already familiar to the readers of OUR CONTINENT, and has some of the best as well as the worst points of Mrs. Spofford's luxuriant style. Unfortunately where adjectives come so easily description runs into sumptuous verbiage and real power is lost. That Mrs. Spofford has such power is undeniable, but unless pruned and trained there is doubt if she will ever give to literature anything of permanent value.

The many who read "John-a-Dreams," by Julian Sturgis, do not need to be told that "Dick's Wandering" has the same quiet charm and delicate finish. Dick is well-nigh as clear and defined

a figure as Pendennis. Betty and her brother are almost equally so, and Dick's mother as loving and unreasonable and as easily propitiated as Laura. There are irresistibly humorous touches of description, bits of keenest observation and philosophizing; a bright American girl, who is neither a "Daisy Miller" nor "A Fair Barbarian," but keen enough to understand herself and high-bred enough not to suffer from the sense of extinction which seems to paralyze many American heroines when brought face to face with English society. But with the scene laid, the actors all in place, there is unfortunately no play to speak of. We constantly expect something that never happens, and end with the conviction that "Dick's Wandering" is the most satisfactory and the most exasperatingly unsatisfactory novel of the day.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

KARL BLIND's personal recollections of Garibaldi, covering a period of twenty years, are to be published in *Fraser's Magazine*.

"A LESSON IN LOVE," one of the most pleasing of the Round Robin series, is by Mrs. Ellen W. O. Kirk, the wife of the historian, and editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

THE article on Lafayette in the new volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is by the Hon. John Bigelow, and that on Abraham Lincoln by Colonel John G. Nicolay.

A NEW weekly publication, *La Revue Artistique*, has just been started in France. It is intended to include every variety of information useful to artists, amateurs and buyers.

MR. F. H. UNDERWOOD will have no lack of work for some time to come, Dr. Holmes having given his consent to be served up as soon as the volume on Whittier is finished.

THE fifteenth-century English poems, owned by the Duke of Orleans, are to be issued this year by the Early English Text Society. Dr. Hanskrecht is now re-editing them from the MS.

THE authorities of the Roman Church have placed M. Renan's recent treatise on the "Ecclesiastes" on the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," the list of books which every good Catholic is forbidden to open.

THE first American contribution to the Russian literary press has appeared in the *Sagranitschuy Vestnik*, the leading magazine of Russia, in an article by Mr. John Swinton, on "The Philosophy of American Literature."

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will soon publish, in two royal octavo volumes, a work on which the Hon. George W. Williams, of Cincinnati, has been engaged for a number of years, entitled "History of the Colored People in America from 1619 to 1880; Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers and as Citizens."

J. R. OSGOOD & Co. publish in pamphlet form Lieutenant Danenhower's "Narrative of the Jeannette Expedition," revised and enlarged from the original newspaper report, any other edition being unauthorized and incorrect. A portrait of the author and a picture of the *Jeannette*, with a chart of her cruise, will be given.

A BOOK containing a great amount of valuable information concerning art schools, art museums, clubs and societies will be published in October by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., the publishers of the well-known *Magazine of Art*. The book is entitled "The United States Art Directory and Year Book," and will be edited by Mr. S. R. Koehler, editor of the late *American Art Review*.

PROFESSOR BOYSEN quotes Mr. Longfellow as saying in regard to the hexameter: "The newspaper critics who insist that hexameter is not verse merely advertise their own ignorance or their imperfect perception of metre. No classically trained man who has been taught to scan Homer and Virgil in his youth will have the slightest difficulty in scanning the same metre in English. A number of Latin metres, such as the sapphic and elegiac verse, have been perfectly domesticated in German, and there is no valid reason why they should not be in English. The objection so frequently urged, that the English is too abrupt and monosyllabic for the flowing Latin metres, is not, to my mind, an insuperable one. If we depended entirely upon the Saxon element of the language our hexameters would probably not be euphonious; but the Latin element of the language supplies the stately polysyllabic flow which the hexameter requires, and the mixture of the two elements has often a very fine rhythmic effect."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITED BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

Flies versus Health.

It seems to be an admitted fact that the health of American women is far from what it should be, and that a thoroughly healthy woman is terribly rare, and endless are the reasons given for the sad state of things. Unwholesome diet, tight-lacing, weight of skirts, want of exercise, and so forth, are put forward as among the causes that undermine the health of the should-be and would-be "fair sex," whose sallow and bony faces too often rob them, however, of that title. There is one cause of the admitted evil which I have never yet seen stated, however, namely, *flies*.

It is my private opinion that there will never be any real robust health among women, and therefore among the community in general, until fair woman reconciles herself to the presence of that unmitigated little nuisance, the fly, and ceases to sacrifice to him all the advantages of fresh air.

I have lately spent a summer in a country place, whose delicious air is a just source of pride to its inhabitants. They told me how doctors sent their patients there from a distance, and how even consumptives had had their fell disease arrested by the tonic effects of the pure air and invigorating breezes, and then I found the very people who thus gloried in them shutting out every breath of air from their houses because of flies!

In returning the calls of the neighbors, I was struck the moment I entered their houses with that close, unwholesome, "stuffy" smell which we generally associate with the homes of the ignorant and unclean classes alone, but which is often to be noticed in those of a class far above them. As I looked at the outside of the different houses in the place, it was difficult to realize that they were really inhabited. Every blind was carefully closed, and not one sign of life visible, and yet, unfortunately, life was going on behind those closed windows—life which needed every advantage to make it healthy and enjoyable.

Does it never occur to you, you housekeepers whose minds recoil from soiled house-linen, fly-specks on paint, finger-marks on doors and every species of uncleanness—does it never occur to you, you so-called neat women, that there is one thing absolutely *dirty* in your cleanly-swept and carefully-dusted houses, and that is their very air? You who would blush with shame at the idea of anything unclean worn on your person, or taken into your mouth, do you not know you are taking in uncleanness with every breath you draw, and that that unclean air is making your blood, and through its means, your very bodies impure? I think any doctor will tell you that I do not exaggerate.

Many people make a compromise between fresh air and flies by keeping windows and blinds open and putting a netting of gauze or wire over every window. I was in a house last summer, a poor woman's, but kept neat and tidy, in which there were three windows in the room, on three opposite sides, all open, but covered with gauze, and, in spite of the apparent ventilation, I noticed, the moment I entered, the unaired, unpleasant odor already described.

The fact is, that in summer it is hard enough to make air circulate at all without putting any obstructions in the way.

Being a housekeeper myself, I can well understand the general objection to the abominable little insects, justly described in a recent article as totally depraved; but which is best, to have certain blemishes in your household neatness, or to be all the time "kind of ailing?" which is the account that many an American housekeeper gives of herself, and which often means nervous, depressed, and still worse, irritable, and therefore unloveable to husband and children.

Besides, letting in fresh air does not necessarily mean being overrun with flies. The dining-room, not being a living-room, may be kept hermetically sealed, if you wish, between meals, and, even if that does not keep the flies away, wire-covers on the dishes will prevent the disgust occasioned by fly-covered food.

As to the other rooms, cover your pictures, instead of your windows, with gauze, and they and their frames will be preserved, and, if your white shades need washing after every summer, you can even give them to an upholsterer to do up without so great a cost as ill health and doctors' bills.

I am aware that another reason for closing windows and blinds is on account of the heat, but few rooms have the sun all day, and you can easily arrange to close them only during the sunny time, and sit in the shady rooms, where you can have air. At

any rate, is not pure hot air better than foul hot air? For hot it will be in any case, the difference being only in degree.

Many a woman is regretting this summer that she is unable to have a change of air for herself and children by going to the seaside or mountains. Why not try the effect of change of air at home? If air makes such a difference to your health as you admit, why not let it do its best for you wherever you are? Try it, ailing woman, with fretful, puny children, and do not call me a monomaniac upon the subject of fresh air until you have tried its effects.

A. P. C.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"Is soda water a wholesome drink, and how is it prepared?—VERMONT."

SODA WATER, as taken at the Centennial in combination with pea-nuts, cucumbers and pop-corn, came to be regarded as most dangerous to health. Taken in moderation, it is cooling, grateful, and not at all unwholesome. The *Providence Journal* has lately answered the question of preparation, as thoroughly as the *Encyclopedia*, and no simpler and fuller answer can be given:

"Soda is water impregnated with carbonic acid gas. Carbonic acid gas is made from pulverized marble and vitriol. The marble is put into a receiver and mixed with the vitriol. The gas is thus generated, and after passing through purifiers or through water is ready to be charged into any kind of sweetened water. A bottling machine fills a bottle a second with the help of one operator. Over the bottling table are the reservoirs containing syrups, connected with the bottling machine. The carbonic acid gas, mingled with water, is let in, the syrup faucet is opened and in space of a second a bottle of ginger ale, sarsaparilla, pop or other mixtures is ready for market.

"The discovery of ginger ale gave a refreshing drink to millions. It is supposed that more would be sold if the name "ale" was not given to it. As it is nothing more than water sweetened with ginger syrup and charged with carbonic acid gas, it has no marked intoxicating or even stimulating qualities. It is the great summer drink—harmless, pleasant, refreshing and healthful. The bottles cost more than the ale. Every bottle requires washing, of course, every time it is emptied. For this purpose a machine has been invented and put in operation to take the place of hand labor. This machine washes sixty bottles per minute, and does it as well as the most careful hand. Besides the city consumption the sea-shore trade will soon begin again. At summer resorts the chief diversion of many is drinking. Why not? The salt air produces thirst."

A QUICKLY MADE DESSERT.

Peel and strip one dozen oranges of tender texture; put in a glass dish of good height alternate layers of the orange and desiccated cocoanut, sprinkling each layer lightly with sugar; finish the top with the white of an egg beaten to snow with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar flavored with almond or vanilla.

CONSTANT READER.

"I possess one volume each of 'Dunlap's Pennsylvania Packet or General Advertiser,' published at Philadelphia for the years 1775 and 1776. The volume for 1775 is complete but not bound, but the one for the year 1776 is bound and in good condition. Would like to know the value of the same.

E. H. G., Harrisburg, Pa."

Ans. From \$15 to \$30.

MIGMA.

MISS SARAH O. JEWETT, who went abroad some time ago with Mrs. James T. Fields, has been staying on the Isle of Wight, as the guest of the Poet Laureate.

VON BULOW, the famous pianist, supposed to be impervious to all feminine fascinations, has succumbed, and his marriage has been published at Hamburg with Maria Amalia Katharina Josepha Schanger.

THE devotion of the Rev. George C. Miln to lumber does not prevent an equal attention to dramatic criticism, as he has lately been lecturing on Hamlet, and still proposes to continue his attempts upon the stage.

THE old homestead of Henry Clay, at Ashland, which passed out of the hands of the family two generations ago, has returned again, having been bought by Major Henry Clay McDowell, the husband of the statesman's granddaughter.

A RELIC which brought £168 at the Hamilton Palace sale, was a Crutsktone dollar struck to commemorate the marriage of

Mary, Queen of Scots, with Lord Darnley in 1565. It was set in a frame of wood from the famous yew tree, and mounted in silver, each side having inscriptions and name of the giver.

JINGO, young in years but of many charms of character and manner and of great growing capacity, has been selected as the successor of Jumbo, having been captured by Arabs in Upper Nubia some eighteen months ago.

The sad details attending the massacre of Dr. Crevaux and his seventeen companions in Paraguay have reached France through M. Didot, whose absence from his party owing to illness, was the reason of his escape. They were descending the Pilcomayo, and at a place called Tella were met by the Tape-Chios tribe, who received them with the greatest apparent hospitality, but butchered them as soon as they had gone to rest.

A BURGOMASTER of Arlon, in Belgium, certainly deserves the palm for a calm obligingness under critical circumstances seldom equaled. A merchant of the city sent to him recently a formal notification of his intention to commit suicide at a hotel in Paris. The burgomaster at once prepared a death certificate, with all the necessary particulars, and forwarded it to Paris, where it proved exceedingly useful, the merchant having carried out his intention at the stated time.

THOUGH lost to sight, Stanley is announced to be working with his accustomed energy at the great enterprise of forming a line of stations, beginning at the embouchure of the Congo River in Africa. Four have already been completed in the three years in which he has been at work, and thus far there has been no dispute with the natives. Though under the auspices of the Belgian government, the towns of which these stations are the beginnings are to be African and not Belgian. Each has a white governor and three white assistants, but the population is made up of Zanzibar negroes.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

August 4.—Irish Constabulary threatens to strike for higher pay.—Fighting again between Chili and Peru.—All quiet along the Nile.—Congress votes to establish diplomatic relations with Persia.—More disastrous local storms in the West; life and property lost.

August 5.—British make a reconnaissance in force toward the Egyptian intrenchments; skirmish, lose four killed and twenty-nine wounded, and retire in good order.—Arabi offers the famous Boolak Museum to the highest bidder. Will take cash, but foresees trouble in delivering the goods.—Turkey still holds off. Intimates that it would be well to land her own troops and see how Arabi takes it before proclaiming him a Rebel.—President signs the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bills.—Democratic convention at Saratoga.

August 6.—Chambersburg, Pa., damaged by a heavy rain-storm. Four inches fall in an hour and a-half.—Turkey still of two minds on the Egyptian question.

August 7.—Egyptians intrenching between Aboukir and Ramleh.—Russia making warlike preparations at Odessa.—England and Turkey consult about a military convention.—New French Ministry, with M. Duclerc at its head.—The South African Boers at war with the natives again.—Great damage from lightning in Stamford, Conn. A church and houses destroyed; lives lost and injuries sustained. Damage also at Long Branch, Middletown, N. Y., Scranton and Harrisburg, Pa.—Steamer *Gold Dust* bursts her boiler near Hickman, Ky. Long list of killed and wounded.—Strike of New York freight-handlers ends in failure.—Death of Rear-Admiral McDougall at San Francisco.—Destructive fire at Gardiner, Me.

August 8.—Congress adjourns.—British iron-clad opens fire on Arabi's outposts and checks their advance on Ramleh.—Both sides claim the victory in the affair of Saturday.—Democrats carry the State election in Alabama.—More damage by lightning in Central New York and Pennsylvania.—Deaths of General G. K. Warren, U. S. A., and Judge Delos Lake, of San Francisco.—Four ice-houses burned by incendiaries at Troy, N. Y.—German Lloyd's steamer *Mosel* wrecked on westward passage; all hands saved.

August 9.—Irish constabulary decide to strike.—Troops for Egypt hurrying forward from England and India.—Indiana Republicans nominate State officers.—Massachusetts Prohibitionists nominate Charles Almy for Governor.

August 10.—The Sultan at last issues a proclamation supporting the Khedive and denouncing Arabi by name.—House of Lords agrees to the Arrears-of-Rent bill.—British Government promises to investigate claims of Irish constabulary.—State Republican Convention in Kentucky indorse prohibition, woman suffrage and railroad supervision.

Scientific.—Ben Nevis is to have a permanent observatory.—A lectureship in physical science has been established at Balliol College, Oxford, by the Duke of Bedford, who has given £5000 for its endowment.—A prize of 3000 francs is offered by the Belgian Government for the best study of the subject of destruction of fishes by pollution of rivers, the memoirs to be sent in before October 1, 1884.—Nature protests against the numerous catechisms of chemistry used at present by students in preparing for examination, which are "crum books" and nothing more, usually creating a dislike to the subject treated.—Archaeologists are looking anxiously for the report from M. Delaporte, who was sent out by the French Government for the purpose of exploring the celebrated remains of Cambodia. He now advances the idea that the remains at Angkor and elsewhere are due neither to Buddhism nor Serpent worship, but resulted from Brahmanism, as he has found figures and emblems of most of the Brahminic gods and heroes.—An expedition to Eastern Africa has been decided upon by the British Royal Geographical Society, to be commanded by Joseph Thompson. The exploration will include the snow-capped mountains Kinia and Kilimanjaro and the country between them and the eastern shores of Victoria Nyanza.—Grapes which have ripened in full sunlight contain, according to Dr. A. D. de Villanova, three and three-fourths per cent. more sugar and one per cent. less acid than those which have been kept in darkness.—One of the points proven in Sir John Lubbock's entertaining book on "Bees, Ants and Wasps" is that blue is the bee's favorite color. He put pieces of variously-colored papers at different points, all of them equally favorable, with a piece of sugar on each, and found, after prolonged observations, that the bees visited the blue ground most frequently.—Vanadium has been extracted by M. M. Witz and Osmond from the basic scorie of the Creusot Iron Works in quantities sufficient for industrial purposes, its chief use being in the manufacture of aniline blacks with chlorides. At a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences they stated that the Creusot scorie contained vanadium which they estimated to be equal to 60,000 kilogrammes per annum.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A NEW departure in the treatment of chronic diseases has been made. Send to DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and learn all about it. *Mailed free.*

Bound Volumes of the Continent.

WE shall be prepared in a short time to furnish bound copies of Vol. I. with a complete index. All orders received will be put on file and filled in the order of their receipt. Back numbers can be returned by mail or express at the sender's cost. Those preferring to have their volumes bound themselves, can be furnished with finely stamped covers and a complete index at the rate given below. This volume will be of the size of the original publication, and will include twenty-one numbers.

Bound copies of the first volume of the CONTINENT will be furnished to subscribers for that volume, who return us complete sets of the numbers in good condition, at the actual cost of binding and packing, exclusive of carriage, to wit:

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Going.

Going!

Gone!!

A SUMMER MORNING IN THE SUBURBS.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Game of Chess.

YES, I love her most madly, but she shall not guess
The state of my heart, while we calmly play chess.
That she is my angel, she knows not nor cares.
As she opens the game with king's pawn two squares.
And I answer the move in the usual way,
Not caring a straw to win in the play:
But thinking the rather how charming her look,
As she lays that deep scheme and captures my rook.
She bends her fair head so it catches the light,
And her hands are so pretty, so soft, and so white.
But what, she is blushing!—her play, too, has erred:
For I've taken her queen with queen's knight to his third.
It must be she feels my unmannerly stare.
Or knows from my play that my mind is not there.
But we move still more wildly—I hardly can say
Whether white men or red are mine in the fray:
And, indeed, I can't help it, but, silent no more,
I'll tell her at once that her I adore.

That was long, long ago; and now, o'er our game
We bend, as of old, but with feelings more tame;
Yet, no matter what years to our lives may be fated,
We'll forget not the game when both players were mated.

CHARLES S. GREENE, in *The Californian*.

Ferry Rates in Dakota.—On a post near the end of the cable used by the ferry crossing the Missouri River, near Fort Buford, D. T., is the following unique notice, "*verbatim, lit. et punc.*:"

BUFORD FERRY RATES
OF FERRYING.

1 Team & wagon	\$3.00
2 Teams & "	5.00
3 " " "	7.00
1 Horse an rider	1.00
Cattle per head	1.00
Footmen extra trip	.25
Baggage and Freight persons will have to Handle their own Freight & Baggage per load	1.00
Hours of Ferrying 7 to 12—1 to 8.	

NOTICE. You will do me the Favor to let the Riging of Boat & Cabbie alone If caught the Penalty is Deth.

T. C.

Justice Gray, of the Supreme Court, albeit every inch a judge, "hath a pretty wit." While on the bench in Massachusetts, a lawyer, not over-stocked in the upper story and noted for verbosity and shallowness, was trying a case before him. The case was plain, so there was little use of argument, and Master Shallow had the strong side, but he was determined to "improve the occasion."

The judge leaned over and said: "Mr. —, the court is with you "without argument."

"But will you not hear my argument?"

"Oh, certainly," said the judge.

Then ensued a characteristic harangue of an hour or two. At its conclusion the judge said: "Mr. —, the court is still with you, notwithstanding your argument."

The present situation in Egypt recalls the refrain of a song popular in England thirty years ago when the French and English were allies in the Black Sea:

"Then dash up the river
With all your three-deckers,
And lashing the billows
To fury and foam.
Let all the wild mountains
Resound with your echoes,
French 'Frappes Chez Vous,'
And Bold Britons 'Strike Home!'"

James.—You are undoubtedly correct. The line should read:

Not "Two hearts that beat has won,"

"Two hearts that beat as one."

Miss Ada naturally prefers the sentimental rendering, but the poet unquestionably referred to the right bower and the ace.

If He Knew It.—A North Carolinian on opening his door the other morning saw a man sitting on his front fence, and instantly, on general principles, opened fire. When he had emptied his revolver the man got down, remarking: "See here, stranger, ef you'd 'a hit me and I'd found it out I'd a hove a gate-post at ye."

Calino's wife goes out to work. The other day, as she reproached him for getting up so late, he replied: "Ah, madam, I sleep very slowly, and I need in consequence much more time to repose than you!"—*French paper.*

Orientalers are notoriously untrustworthy messengers. Of course. They habitually remove their shoes on entering a house. The errand must be bootless from the nature of things.

"They tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg sadly, "it left me long ago.—*Boston Transcript.*"

A California paper thinks it is ungrateful for girls to commit suicide, it costs so much to raise them.—*Boston Transcript.*

If any man attempts to run off with this canal shoot him on the spot.—*De Lesseps.*